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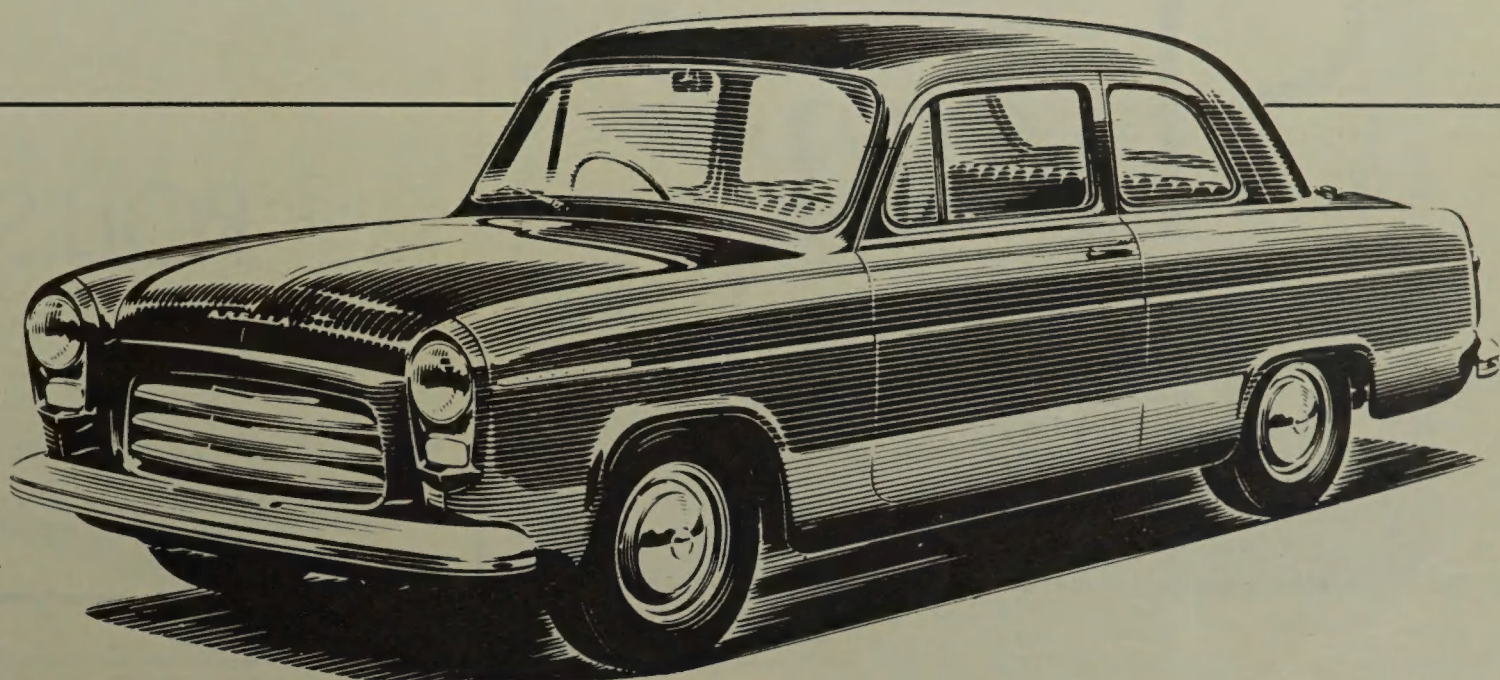
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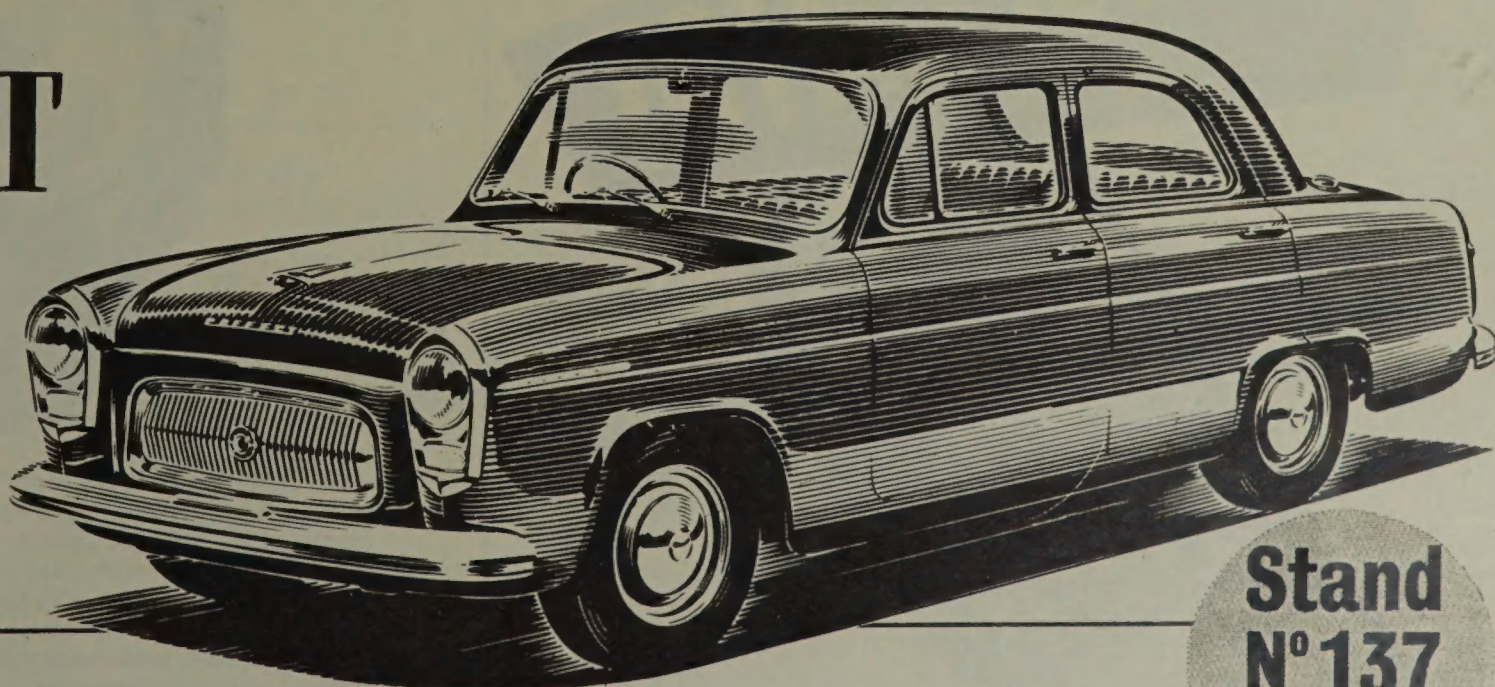
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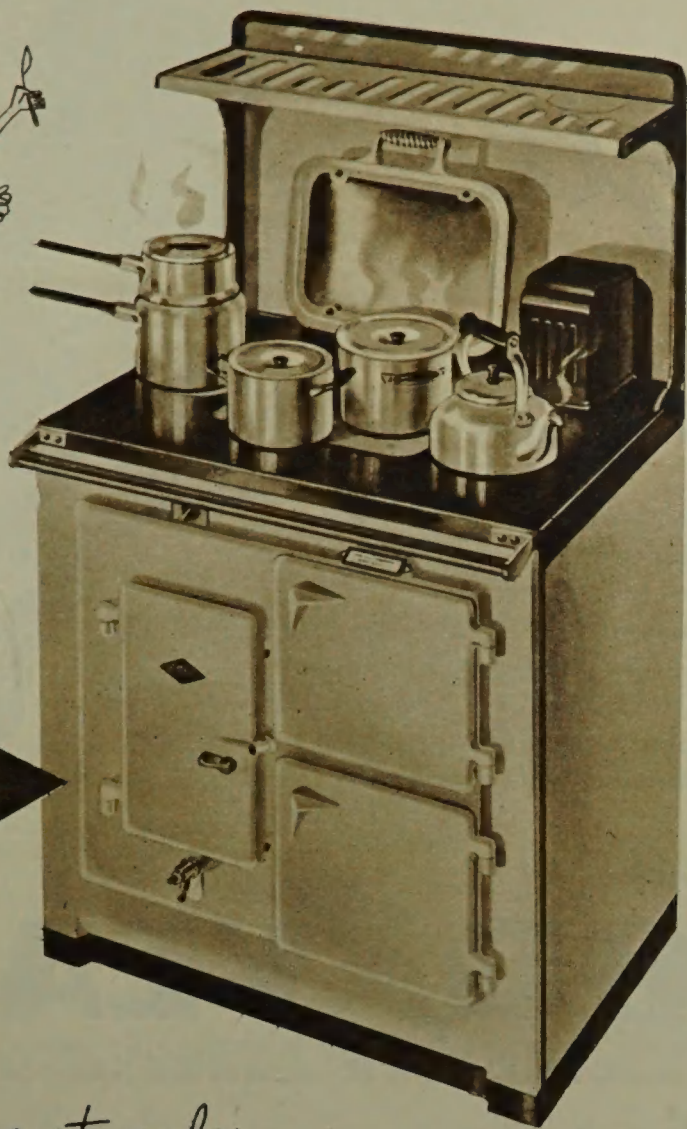
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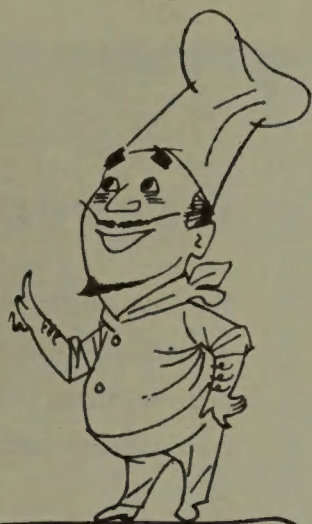


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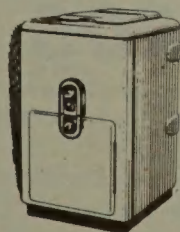


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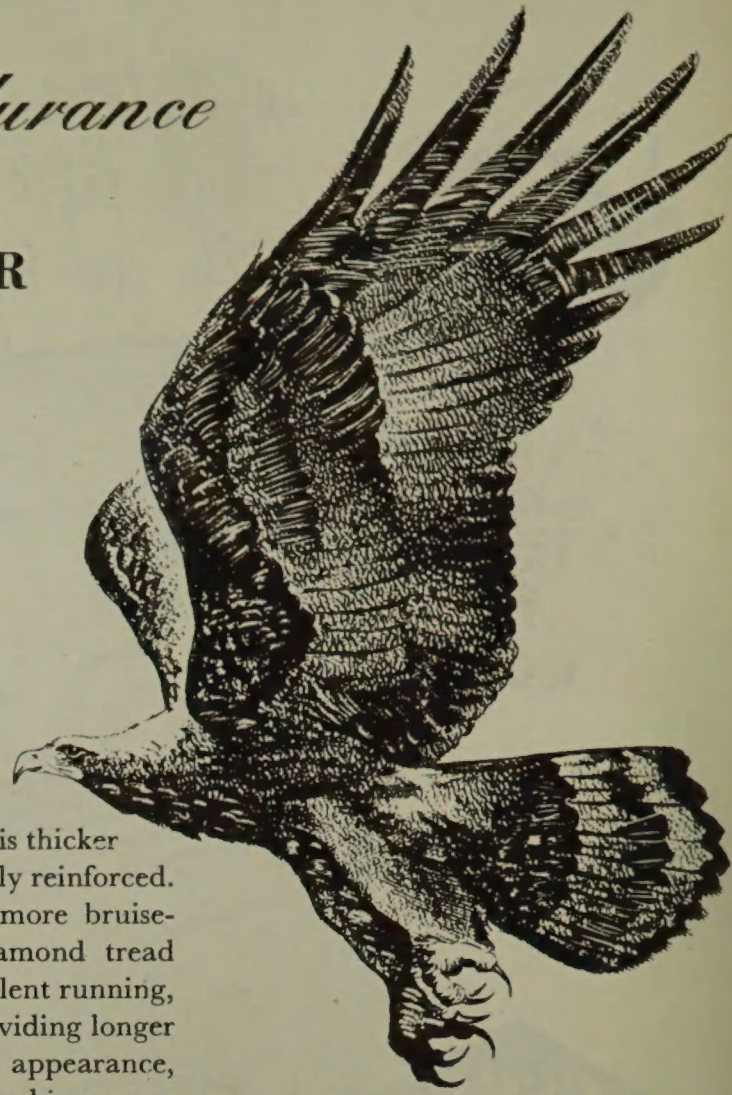
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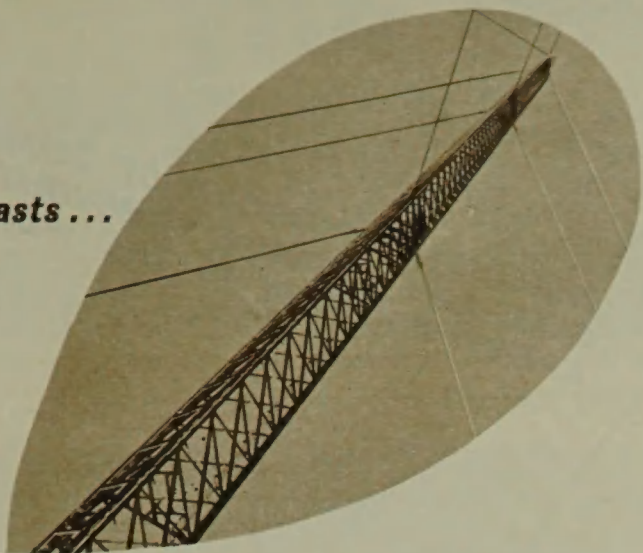
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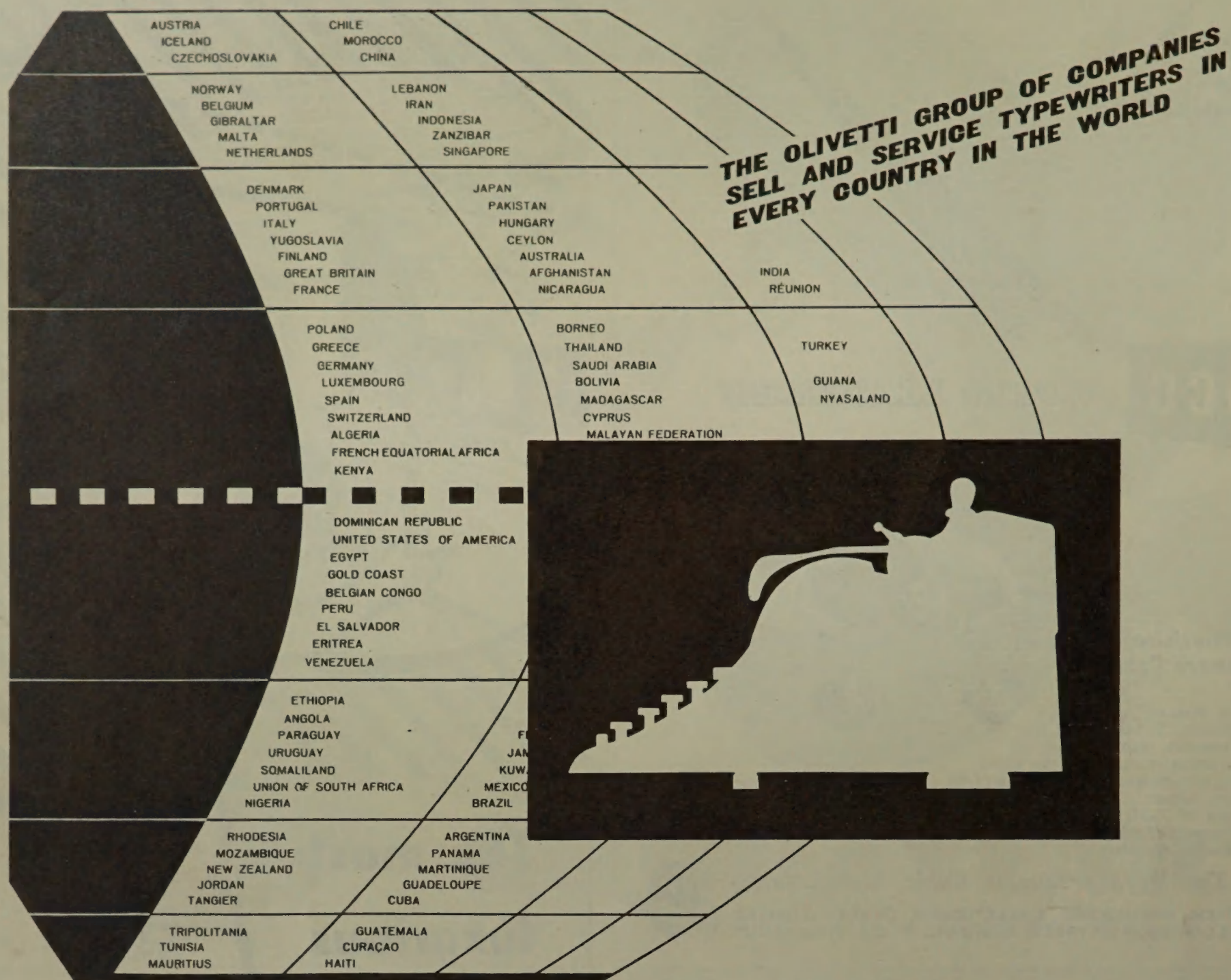
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1953.



"FIT AND READY FOR WORK" ONCE MORE: MR. ANTHONY EDEN PHOTOGRAPHED AT LONDON AIRPORT, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM CONVALESCENCE AND A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS RESUMPTION OF WORK AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

On September 30 the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, flew back from Greece, where he had been convalescing, to London Airport, and on October 2 attended his first Cabinet since he was taken ill some six months ago. After this meeting an official statement was issued from Downing Street that Mr. Eden would be resuming his duties as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs on October 5. Since he left Boston in July Mr. Eden has been receiving papers and had talks with Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Salisbury, the acting Foreign

Secretary, before he left for his convalescence in Greece. After his return to London and before the Cabinet meeting, Mr. Eden had a long discussion with the Prime Minister, and on October 5 arranged to discuss the Far Eastern situation with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of State, who had flown from the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York for this purpose. The statement about Mr. Eden's return to the Foreign Office appears to put an end to widespread rumours of impending major Cabinet changes.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FOR a few years, during a period of personal transition, I lived in the Cotswolds. My home there was a William and Mary house, with a grey Stonesfield roof, nestling beside a magnificent, church-like, fifteenth-century barn and tucked into a fold of the ground, so that, save for a single field in front of it, grandiloquently called the park, it was almost invisible. It was bitterly cold during the winter—which appeared to continue from early August to the end of May!—but very beautiful. Its elegant little rooms, panelled in painted deal and pine, its simple, perfectly moulded stone bolection fireplaces, its almost lyrical oaken staircase, with its graceful curves and turned posts, made one of the loveliest settings for furniture and pictures I have ever seen. And outside the wind howled and the rain beat down, or the stars shone with the radiance of diamonds in the clear, frosty Cotswold air, until, in self-defence, one almost began to grow fur—

for it was a time of acute fuel shortage—and one was driven to work in a flying-suit or to take a brisk walk on the hillside to restore one's circulation. Yet on a summer's day, when the air was still, and bees and butterflies flittered along the bright-coloured border on the lawn that overhung space and the falling, dark-wooded wolds, it became for a few fleeting hours a paradise. I sometimes used to think that if I were a novelist and had a novelist's creative power, I would write a story about that enchanted, ancient little house and its strange countryside, and call it "The Frost Princess," or "The Frozen Wolds." Had I been a native of those stern, enduring hills or a North Countryman, or had I been younger at the time, I do not suppose I should have felt the cold at all, and should have been conscious of nothing but the place's beauty. And certainly, looking back on it, it is that even more than the cold that I remember. Even the bitter February and March, when the pipes froze so stiff that there was no water for two months, pale into insignificance beside that memory.

I had known the Cotswolds much earlier in my life than this, but as a fleeting visitor, walking or driving through them on holidays. I suppose, for that reason, I had formed a rather more favourable view of their habitual climate than was justifiable, for I had naturally tended to choose fine days and periods of fine weather for my visits. When I think of Stow-on-the-Wold or Chipping Campden, loveliest of all England's little towns, or the view above Stanton, it is not frozen air or driving rain and wind that I recall, but the haze of high mid-summer or the view of April blossom on a soft spring day. Even the words on the eighteenth-century board outside the ancient Plough Inn at Ford seemed more a poet's fiction to me than a reality:

Ye weary travellers who pass by
With dust and scorching sunbeams dry,
Or be benumbed with cold and frost
Through having these bleak Cotswolds crossed.

I know better now, for Cotswold is not a land for romantics but for realists. Yet it is a good land for a man to be bred in, to live in and to die in; I doubt if there is better to be found on earth. Above all, it is a country for shepherds, and I think that what I most missed during the brief time I lived there were the sheep and the sheep-bells I had known there in my youth. That they will return I am certain, for they are the natural economy for Cotswold's soil and climate—"Cotswold that great King of shepherds," as Drayton called it.

It is of sheep, of course, that the historian instinctively thinks when he recalls those stern but delectable hills:

The sward the black-face browses,
The stapler and the bale,
The grey Cistercian houses
That pack the wool for sale.

For hundreds of years the chief merchandise England exported was wool. It was the finest in all Europe, and that made by the Golden Lion breed of Cotswold the finest of all. It was sold to the cloth-manufacturing towns of Flanders—Ypres, Arras, Bruges, Ghent, Douai, Mechlin, and even to distant Florence. It paid for the precious stones, fine cloths, wines and spices that were imported in growing quantities along the trade waterways of Europe to the London wharves, and for the stone churches and noble towers that rose during those creative centuries in every English valley and plain and in the folds of her limestone hills. Because of it the Lord Chancellor, the great officer-of-state—half-legal, half-ecclesiastical—who kept the King's seal and conscience, sat on a woosack: his seat to this day when he presides over the House of Lords. This was fitting, for it was wool that sustained mediæval England. The sound of the sheep and the sheep-bells was her basic national music. Her greatest merchants were exporters of wool—the men who bought it from her sheep-runs and sold it to the looms of Europe. The export duty they paid was the most valuable part of the Customs revenue, and it was to them that her kings turned when they wished, for war or any other purpose, to raise loans on the taxes. The early history of Parliament, and the development of the subject's right to be consulted by the Crown in matters of taxation, is largely the story of the taxation of the woolmasters and wool-dealers. After Edward I. had expelled the Jews, these rich woolmen, little by little, became the chief creditors of the Crown. They formed the first of a purely native line of financiers. To help their trade and the collection of the Customs the Government decreed that all wool sold abroad, as well as hides, leather and tin, should pass through a place of export called the Staple. This was usually, at first, an English town or towns, and later some Continental port controlled by England or her allies. Its management was vested in an English chartered company called the Merchants of the Staple, which collected dues and wool subsidies for the Crown from its members. It also regulated the trade, organised convoys and put down pirates.

The woolmongers grew enormously rich from this monopoly of the export trade. Though their fortunes sometimes went as quickly as they came, some, like the De la Poles and the Pulteneys, founded families that took their place among the feudal nobility. Others bought land and became knights and country gentlemen. Being pious, like most men in that age, and also public-spirited, they built magnificent churches in the little country towns and upland hamlets where they bought their wool. To travel to-day through the Cotswolds and the limestone hill-country which crosses England from Somerset to Lincolnshire, is to see on every hand the stone bell-towers and manor houses that commemorate their faith and enterprise. There, too, are the memorial brasses that preserve their likenesses—the forked beards, hawks and horses, the hall-marks of quality and

honest dealing that they stamped on their bales, the fine Flemish beaver hats in which they rode out to bargain for the midsummer clip or autumn fell with Gloucestershire squires and Yorkshire abbots. Such a one was William Grevel, ancestor of the present Earls of Warwick, who flourished during the fourteenth century and was buried in Chipping Campden church—"late citizen of London and flower of the wool merchants of all England"—or John Barton of Holme, in Nottinghamshire, whose window bears the inscription:

I thank God and ever shall
It is the sheep hath paid for all.

Their lives of labour, enterprise and hardihood, and those of the unlettered but immensely skilful shepherds who managed the living raw-material of their business, helped to lay the foundations of modern England. And all over the Cotswolds their history is written in enduring stone for their descendants to read and learn.



THE THIRD OF HIS FAMILY TO BE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON WITHIN THE CENTURY: SIR NOEL VANSITTART BOWATER, WITH LADY BOWATER, IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR WEYBRIDGE HOME.

The election of the Lord Mayor of London by the City Liverymen took place at Guildhall on September 29, and when Judge Beazley, the Common Serjeant, read the list of aldermen "below the Chair who have served the office of Shrievalty," the name of Sir Noel Bowater was greeted by a chorus of "All" and a flourish of hands; the next senior name, that of Alderman Seymour Howard, being greeted with a cry of "Next Year." Sir Noel Vansittart Bowater is the third of his family to hold the office of Lord Mayor within this century, his uncle, Sir Vansittart Bowater, being Lord Mayor in 1914 and his father, Sir Frank Bowater, holding the office in 1938-39. His election completes the eleventh pair of fathers and sons to hold this office. Sir Noel, who is the second baronet, was born in 1892 and educated at Rugby. He served in the 1914-18 war and won the M.C. He married in 1921 Miss Constance Heiton Bett, and has a son and two daughters. He was elected to the Common Council in 1937, becoming Alderman in 1944 and Sheriff in 1948. He is a Vice-Chairman of the Bowater Paper Corporation.

MATTERS MARITIME: SUBMARINE ACHIEVEMENT, AND NAVAL EVENTS.



H.M.S. *SUPERB*, WHICH EMBARKED 400 TROOPS AND SAILED, WITH THE FRIGATE *BIGBURY BAY*, FROM JAMAICA, ON A VOYAGE "RELATED TO UNREST IN BRITISH GUIANA." On October 5 it was reported that at the next day's Cabinet meeting Mr. Oliver Lyttelton would put forward plans for dealing with threatened unrest in British Guiana, where the extreme Left Wing People's Progressive Party had made public demands for drastic changes to the Constitution. Surprise movements of naval and military forces in the Caribbean—including the embarkation of troops in the cruiser *Superb*—were believed on October 5 to be not unconnected with the possibility of an emergency arising in British Guiana.



STEAMING INTO HVALFJORDUR BAY WITH HER BOWS BADLY DAMAGED AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH THE CRUISER *SWIFTSURE* DURING EXERCISE "MARINER": THE "DARING" CLASS SHIP *DIAMOND*, 2610 TONS, REACHES HARBOUR.



SHOWING THE GAPING HOLE IN THE STARBOARD SIDE BELOW THE BRIDGE STRUCTURE: THE CRUISER *SWIFTSURE* IN HARBOUR AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH *DIAMOND* ON SEPTEMBER 29. While taking part in Exercise "Mariner" off Iceland on September 29, the cruiser *Swiftsure*, 8000 tons, and the "Daring" class ship *Diamond*, 2610 tons, were in collision. The bows of *Diamond* were damaged and *Swiftsure* was holed above the waterline on the starboard side. Fire broke out aboard *Swiftsure*, but this was quickly brought under control, although thirty-two men were injured, none seriously. Both ships proceeded to Hvalfjörður Bay, near Reykjavik, Iceland, for emergency repairs.



THE "WANTON ATTACK" ON A ROYAL NAVAL LAUNCH BY CHINESE COMMUNISTS: A VIEW OF THE DAMAGED P.1323 IN THE NAVAL DOCKYARD AT HONG KONG. On September 9, H.M. M.L. P.1323, a launch of the Hong Kong local defence force, was shelled by a Chinese Communist vessel while patrolling the Pearl River estuary. The launch sustained at least two hits, one in the wheelhouse and one in the engine-room, and seven men aboard her were killed.



STEPPING INTO A ROWING BOAT AIDED BY HIS SON, JACQUES, AFTER SETTING UP A WORLD RECORD WITH A DIVE OF 10,335 FT. IN HIS BATHYSCAPH *TRIESTE*: PROFESSOR AUGUSTE PICCARD, THE SWISS-BORN SCIENTIST. On September 30 Professor Auguste Piccard and his son, Jacques, set up a new world record by diving in the bathyscaph *Trieste* to a depth of 10,335 ft. at a point some 50 miles from the island of Ponza, off the west coast of Italy. The *Trieste* was accompanied by the tug *Tenace* and the Italian naval corvette *Fenice*, and was submerged for 2½ hours. The bathyscaph consists of a cylindrical hull filled with petrol with a spherical observation chamber below.

OCCASIONS ROYAL AND MILITARY, AN EXHIBITION, AND THE RYDER CUP.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH OFFICERS OF THE WELSH GUARDS, WHOSE 1ST BATTALION HE VISITED AT WINDSOR. On October 1 the Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel of the Welsh Guards, visited the 1st Battalion at Victoria Barracks, Windsor, and bid them farewell before they left on October 2 for Egypt. H.R.H. had flown from Sandringham to White Waltham and was accompanied by Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning.



MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL OF PERMANENT REPRESENTATIVES OF N.A.T.O. DURING A VISIT TO EAST ATLANTIC HEADQUARTERS AT NORTHWOOD IN MIDDLESEX. THEIR VISIT WAS IN CONNECTION WITH EXERCISE "MARINER."

The photograph shows (l. to r.): Mr. M. A. Tiney (permanent representative, Turkey); Sir Christopher Steel (United Kingdom); Mr. G. Exintaris (Greece) with, behind him, two unidentified naval officers; Mr. Dana L. Wilgress (Canada); Admiral Sir G. Creasy (C-in-C, Eastern Atlantic); Mr. John C. Hughes (U.S.A.); Mr. Arne Skaug (Norway); Admiral L. D. McCormick (Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic); and Count Tovar (Portugal).



THE BRITISH RYDER CUP TEAM. (UPPER ROW, L. TO R.) H. WEETMAN, H. BRADSHAW, M. FAULKNER, PETER ALLISS, J. PANTON, E. C. BROWN AND J. ADAMS. (LOWER ROW) D. J. REES, HENRY COTTON (NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN), F. DALY AND B. J. HUNT.

The foursomes matches for the Ryder Cup Trophy between golf professionals of the U.S.A. and Great Britain were played at Wentworth on October 2, the U.S.A. winning three of the four matches. In the



THE U.S. TEAM WHICH WON THE RYDER CUP BY 6½ TO 5½. (STANDING, L. TO R.) J. TURNESA, W. BURKEMO, F. HAAS, JNR., D. DOUGLAS, E. OLIVER, E. KROLL. (SEATED) C. MIDDLECOFF, L. MANGRUM (CAPTAIN), S. SNEAD, J. BURKE, JNR.

singles, however, Great Britain did very much better, winning 4½ matches to 3½, with the issue in doubt to the very end. Of the British players, Daly and Bradshaw won all their games.

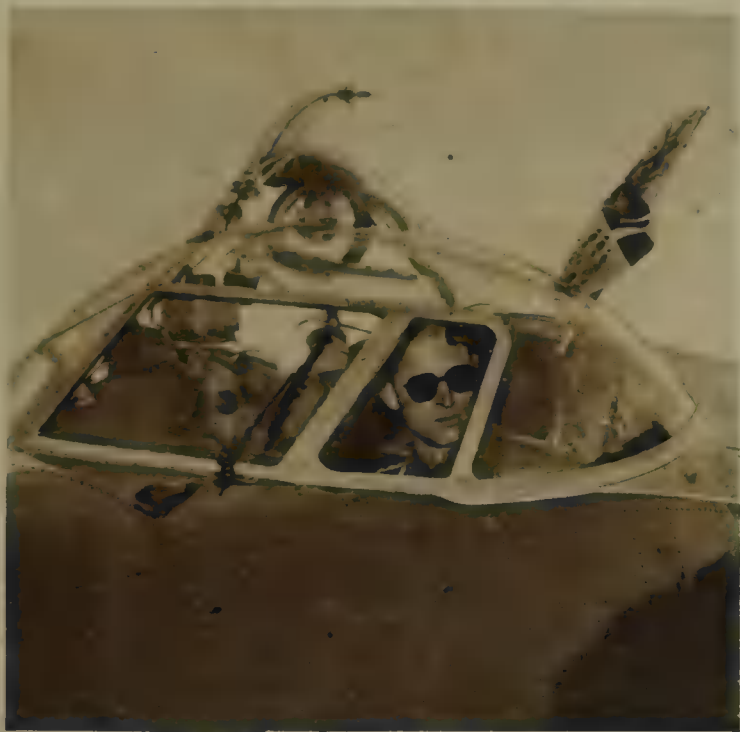


AT THE INTERNATIONAL HANDICRAFTS, HOMECRAFTS AND HOBBIES EXHIBITION WHICH THEY HAD OPENED: SIR EDMUND AND LADY HILLARY ADMIRING THE LAST PIECE OF EMBROIDERY MADE BY QUEEN MARY. The International Handicrafts, Homecrafts and Hobbies Exhibition was opened at Olympia, London, on October 1 by Sir Edmund and Lady Hillary. An exhibit which caused great interest and admiration was the last piece of *gros point* embroidery made by Queen Mary when she was over eighty.



A MAGNIFICENT BOW FOR PRINCESS MARGARET: ONE OF THE 320 CHILDREN OF THE SCOTTISH CHILDREN'S LEAGUE WHO PRESENTED PURSES. On October 3 H.R.H. Princess Margaret was presented by the Scottish Children's League with over 300 purses from members representing branches all over Scotland at a jubilee celebration of the League in the Usher Hall, Edinburgh.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S FLIGHT TO GERMANY: H.R.H.'S INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS.



AT THE CONTROLS OF HIS TWO-ENGINE *DEVON* AIRCRAFT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO PILOTED IT FROM ENGLAND TO GERMANY, AND PART OF THE JOURNEY BACK.

ON September 30 the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Lüneburg, in West Germany, to visit the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. He was accompanied by his flying instructor, Flight-Lieutenant C. Gordon, of the R.A.F. Central Flying School, but remained at the controls of his twin-engine R.A.F. *Devon* aircraft throughout the trip to Germany and back. Also accompanying the Duke were Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, Treasurer of his Household, and Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, Colonel of the 8th Hussars. The regimental band played as his Royal Highness inspected the 400 men on parade, 190 of whom had been in Korea with the regiment. Later the Duke congratulated the regiment, saying: "I expected to see a smart regiment, but your turn-out has exceeded all my expectations." The Duke's aircraft landed at West Raynham, in Norfolk, at 7.7 p.m., some forty-five minutes behind schedule, owing to difficult weather conditions.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING THE PARADE IN LÜNEBURG. ON THE RIGHT IS STAFF SERGEANT PATTERSON, WHOM THE DUKE CONGRATULATED ON THE DECORATION HE WON IN KOREA.



WEARING THE BATTLEDRESS UNIFORM OF A COLONEL OF THE 8TH HUSSARS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO MADE A FOUR-HOUR VISIT TO THE REGIMENT, BEING SHOWN VEHICLES USED BY THE TROOPS IN GERMANY.

AT THE PARADE OF MEN OF THE 8TH KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS IN LÜNEBURG: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO WAS APPOINTED COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT IN JUNE.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO THE HUSSARS' TANK WORKSHOPS: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH CAPTAIN H. BLAKE (LEFT), CAPTAIN M. W. PIPEK AND (RIGHT) THE REGIMENTAL COMMANDER, LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR GUY LOWTHE.

THE GREAT ENGLAND-NEW ZEALAND RACE: AIRCRAFT AND CREWS COMPETING.



ON ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND: ONE OF THE TWO ENGLISH ELECTRIC AUSTRALIAN-BUILT *CANBERRAS* ENTERED BY THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE FOR THE RACE OF OCT. 8.



WITH AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR W. F. DICKSON, CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF: W-CDR. L. M. HODGES, COMMANDING THE R.A.F. TEAM OF *CANBERRAS* (EXTREME LEFT); W-CDR. E. PLUMTREE; AND MEMBERS OF THE CREWS AND RESERVES—(L. TO R.) SQ.-LDR. R. CURRIE, SQ.-LDR. L. G. PRESS, FL.-LT. J. W. HARPER, FL.-LT. R. L. E. BURTON, FL.-LT. D. H. GANNON, FL.-LT. R. M. FURZE AND FL.-LT. T. E. DUNNE.



THE K.L.M. ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES ENTRANT IN THE TRANSPORT HANDICAP: THE D.C.-6A. LIFTMASTER, "DR. IR. M. H. DAMME," DUE TO CARRY EMIGRANTS AS WELL AS CREW.



MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE B.E.A. *VISCOUNT*: CAPT. W. BAILLIE, PILOT IN COMMAND; MR. P. MASEFIELD, CHIEF EXECUTIVE, B.E.A. AND TEAM MANAGER; CAPT. A. S. JOHNSON; CHIEF RADIO OFFICER I. A. DALGLEISH (BACK TO CAMERA); MR. R. H. CHADWICK, NAVIGATION OFFICER; CAPT. S. E. JONES, AND RADIO OFFICER E. H. S. BRISTOW.



THE B.E.A. ENTRANT IN THE TRANSPORT HANDICAP FOR A PRIZE OF £10,000: THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONG *VISCOUNT*, R.M.A. "ENDEAVOUR," WHICH WAS FLOWN BY A B.E.A. CREW.



AT THE AUSTRALIA HOUSE RECEPTION: AIR COMMODORE W. GARING, A.O.C., R.A.A.F. H.Q., MR. R. G. CASEY, AUSTRALIAN MINISTER FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS; W-CDR. D. R. CUMING, R.A.A.F. (PILOT OF A *CANBERRA*); THE HIGH COMMISSIONER, SIR THOMAS WHITE, AND SQ.-LDR. P. F. RAW, R.A.A.F. (PILOT OF A *CANBERRA*).

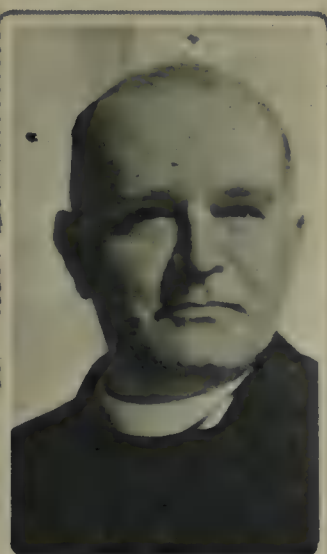
The England-New Zealand Air Race, which the Duke of Gloucester arranged to start at London Airport at 4.30 p.m. G.M.T. on October 8, was organised by the Royal Aero Club and the Canterbury International Air Race Council of Christchurch, New Zealand. The last comparable event was the England-Australia race of 1934, won by the twin-engined D.H. *Comet* at an average speed of 176.3 m.p.h. It was predicted that in the Speed Section some aircraft would complete the 1953 race of 12,000 miles within twenty-four hours. The race was divided into a Speed Section, purely a speed race, and a Transport Handicap Section, which took into consideration not only the time taken by aircraft to complete the course, but was

also to give credit for low overall cost per ton mile of the payload carried. At the time of writing it was expected that five aircraft, all English Electric *Canberras* powered with two Rolls-Royce *Avon* 1 engines, would start in the Speed Section. Three were entered by the R.A.F. and two by the R.A.A.F. Three aircraft were expected to start in the Transport Handicap, a K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines' D.C. *Liftmaster*, "Dr. Ir. M. H. Damme," piloted by Captain H. A. A. Kooper (with sixty-four emigrants from Holland on board as well as the crew of twelve), a B.E.A. Vickers-Armstrong *Viscount* 700; and a Royal New Zealand Air Force Handley-Page *Hastings* 3 C, piloted by Wing-Commander R. F. Watson.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**GOVERNOR EARL WARREN.**

President Eisenhower announced on September 30 that he had decided to nominate Governor Earl Warren of California as the new Chief Justice of the U.S. The decision that he should preside over the Court when it reconvened on October 5 made him the first since 1795 to serve before being confirmed by the State.

**THE REV. CANON R. R. WILLIAMS.**

Nominated by the Queen for election by the Chapter of Leicester as Bishop of Leicester in succession to the Rt. Rev. G. V. Smith, who has resigned. Canon Williams, Principal of St. John's College, Durham, since 1945, was formerly Director of the Ministry of Information's religious department.

**LEAVING FOR MOSCOW: SIR WILLIAM HAYTER, BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.S.R., WITH HIS WIFE AT LONDON AIRPORT.**

On October 1, Sir William Hayter, the newly-appointed British Ambassador to the Soviet Union, left London with Lady Hayter by air for Berlin on his way to Moscow. Earlier he had had a short talk with Mr. Eden.

**LORD TEMPLEMORE.**

Died on October 2, aged seventy-three. High Steward of Winchester from 1942 to 1951, and Chief Conservative Whip in the House of Lords from 1940-45. He succeeded his father as the fourth baron in 1924. He was Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard from 1934 to 1945. Since 1951 he had lived in Eire, where he died.

**MR. WILSON POPE.**

Died on September 28, aged eighty-seven. Mr. Wilson Pope, a well-known figure in Fleet Street, was editor of the *Star* from 1920 until 1930. He entered journalism at the age of eighteen as a reporter on the *Croydon Chronicle*; became editor of the *West London Press* in 1890, and in 1893 joined the staff of the *Star*.

**PROFESSOR ERNST REUTER.**

Died suddenly on September 29, aged sixty-four. Professor Reuter, Chief burgomaster of Berlin since 1947, was an eminent post-war German leader. He opposed Communist tyranny and showed inspired leadership during the blockade of Berlin. An anti-Nazi, he suffered two terms in concentration camps. He visited the U.S. in March to appeal for refugees.

**SIR ARTHUR SALTER.**

The Queen has approved the elevation of Sir Arthur Salter to the peerage. Conservative M.P. for Ormskirk since 1951, he was Minister of Materials until his resignation last month. He was Independent M.P., Oxford University 1937-50; and held various junior Ministerial appointments in wartime Governments. He led the wartime British Shipping Mission in America.

**SIR ARNOLD BAX.**

Died suddenly on October 3, aged sixty-nine. The Master of the Queen's Musick, he was a distinguished and prolific composer. His best-known work, "Tintagel," is regarded as one of the finest examples of descriptive music. He composed the fanfares sounded at the Queen's wedding in 1947, and the special "Coronation March" played in Westminster Abbey on Coronation Day. In 1943 his autobiography, called "Farewell my Youth," was published.

**THE REV. SIR HERBERT DUNNICO.**

Died on October 2, aged seventy-six. The Rev. of a North Wales miner, he entered the Baptist Ministry in 1902. He was Socialist M.P. for the Consett Division of Durham from 1922-31 and Deputy Speaker from 1929-31. He retired at the end of last year from the Bench of Stratford E. court, where he had sat as a magistrate for thirty-three years.

**MISS D. LEATHER.**

In the Invitation Women's Mile at the White City Athletic Meeting on September 30 (which is illustrated on other pages), Miss D. Leather, of Birchfield Harriers, set up a new World's and British All-Comers record with the time of 5 mins. 2.6 secs. This beat the previous record by Miss E. Harding on the same track last July by 7.2 secs.

**NEW SHERIFFS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: MR. E. V. M. STOCKDALE AND MR. N. C. TREMELLEN (IN FRONT) IN PROCESSION TO GUILDHALL.**

Mr. E. V. M. Stockdale, Alderman of Cornhill, and Mr. Norman Tremellen, who sits on the Common Council as one of the representatives of the Ward of Langbourn, were installed sheriffs of the City of London on September 28 at Guildhall.

**ADMIRAL CAMPBELL, V.C.**

Died on October 3, aged sixty-seven. Admiral Campbell commanded the first "Q-ship" in World War I, the disguised armed merchantman *Dunraven*, and was one of the eight V.C.s whose exploits were too secret to be revealed at first. He was M.P. for Burnley 1931-35.

**MR. R. MAWDESLEY.**

Died on September 30, aged fifty-three. Mr. R. Mawdesley, the actor, was "Walter Gabriel" in the B.B.C. serial "The Archers." He made his stage debut in 1924 in "Diplomacy," and played in many successes. In World War II, he served in the R.A.F. and worked with the B.B.C.

**MARRIED AT ST. MATTHEW'S R.C. CATHEDRAL, WASHINGTON: SENATOR MCCARTHY AND MISS JEAN FRASER KERR.**

The marriage of Senator McCarthy to Miss Jean Fraser Kerr, his former assistant, on September 29 was attended by Mr. Nixon, U.S. Vice-President, and Mrs. Nixon; and President Eisenhower sent a message of congratulation. The Pope gave the bride and bridegroom the Apostolic Blessing.

THAT UNUSUAL PHENOMENON—DICKENS.

"CHARLES DICKENS: HIS TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH"; By EDGAR JOHNSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

I MUST say, before I say anything else, that I quailed when I first caught sight of this whale of a book: two volumes, seeming square miles of closely printed text, acres of terminal notes, and roods of illustrations. The sub-title, "Tragedy and Triumph," led me to fear something falsely melodramatic: the mere bulk led me to expect the sort of bogus scenic padding which has swollen to such a degree a number of lives, especially by Americans, of eminent authors. I feared that I might come across this sort of thing about the subject's birth: "It was February 1812: Napoleon was about to launch

light since Forster wrote. Much of it is in collections in Professor Johnson's country, the United States. But a good deal of it is in this country: and it is with pleasure that I note the full use of the half-century of work which has appeared in the "Dickensian," the organ of the Dickens Fellowship. That work, much of it done by non-professional scholars with high standards of scholarship, has a peculiar character. For its inspiration (like that of the admirable Fellowship itself, which has branches all over the world and which all Dickensians should join) is drawn not merely from admiration for the work of the most Shakespearean of our novelists, but from love of a man. And especially I notice his use of that long series of elucidatory commentaries on the novels which has appeared during the last few years over the signature of that charming and modest man, T. W. Hill, sometime secretary of the Athenæum, in the hall of which institution Dickens shook the hand of his old admirer Thackeray, after a long and preposterous estrangement, caused by a cad.

Professor Johnson has taken years—and no wonder—writing his book: it seems so comprehensive that one assumes that, if he doesn't mention anything, it isn't because he doesn't know about it, but because he doesn't think it is important. Dealing with his unusual phenomenon, a great creative writer who was also a great agitator for reform, a great traveller, a great actor, a great lecturer, and an enthusiastic "mixer," he alternates his chapters. In one chapter he will give us an account of what Dickens was "up to" in certain years, in the way of writing, dealing and quarrelling with publishers, promoting periodicals and reforms, producing children, taking houses here, in France and in Italy, saving the poor, and dining with the rich: in the next he turns to a critical consideration of the books written by Dickens during the period in question. He was perfectly right in adopting this method: if he hadn't segregated his literary criticism, the "life" would have swamped the works: for Dickens' life was such that a different sub-title of this book might have been "The Pace that Kills."

Professor Johnson's analyses of the novels are uniformly good: up to a point. The enthusiasm of

than as books which have survived, and will survive, the temporary conditions which produced their social pleadings. His concentration on Dickens' "Radical" attitude leads him to erect Dickens' later books (including "Hard Times," which is as nearly unreadable as anything of Dickens' could be) to an eminence which the general public would not accord to them. He seems especially hard against the "aristocracy": which he appears to think was a class which was in favour of sweating and slums. "Liberal" to him is a good word: "Tory" is a bad word. He doesn't

CATHERINE DICKENS, CHARLES DICKENS' WIFE, IN A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A., IN 1842, WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY-SEVEN AND THE MOTHER OF FOUR CHILDREN.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph"; by courtesy of the publishers, Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

seem to have learnt that the only delaying force to the Industrial Revolution was Tory; that the Factory Laws, fiercely pressed by Lord Shaftesbury (a Tory who was an exquisite and abstemious connoisseur of wine, and knew his Horace by heart), were opposed by Cobden and Bright; and that *laissez-faire*, or "each for himself and the Devil take the hindmost," was never a Tory doctrine, but a Liberal one.

The one fault I have to find with this book is that the author knows too little about the history of English politics and economics, and thinks that Dickens had more influence, in regard to them, than he actually had. Dickens was offered seats in Parliament; when he protested that he couldn't contest a seat because of the expense, he was offered an uncontested seat, involving no expense whatever. He didn't accept it: he preferred to go on saying that the House of Commons was a "dust-heap." Had

he entered the House of Commons he might conceivably have become the leader of a party, like his fellow-novelist Disraeli, and even Prime Minister: but I don't think so. Not that he hadn't the sense; not that he hadn't the eloquence: but because he hadn't the patience.

Now here am I, prompted by Professor Johnson, going off into politics! It's the last thing I want to do. I do think that he is too preoccupied, in judging Dickens, with Dickens' views about "the acquisitive society" (and I can just imagine what Dickens would have said had he met that whiskered, disgruntled Karl Marx at Mrs. Leo Hunter's party!) as a political man, and preacher of doctrines.

But his book has left me in a state of complete admiration: both for this intransigent lover of Dickens, and for Dickens himself. The microscopes have been directed on Dickens' private life: sneers and sniggers have come from people who aren't fit to lick his boots—which Sam Weller, whatever anybody said, would continue to polish. And if I haven't been able to do full justice, either to Dickens or to Professor Johnson, shortage of space must be the answer. Lord Macaulay might have done it in the days when he was able to write those huge essays in the "Edinburgh Review." To-day writers haven't the space, and readers haven't the time. So much the worse for both of them!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 574 of this issue.



PROBABLY THE BEST-KNOWN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS IN MIDDLE AGE: FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GEORGE E. PERINE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

that fatal attack upon Russia which was the inevitable result of his ambitions and the destined doom of his hopes: a vast army, drawn from many nations, forced its way to Moscow, to find a burning city, walls, churches, cupolas, sprawling masses of wooden houses, all glowing in the flames, and murky in the smoke; and then, assailed, night and day, by guerrillas lurking in the forests, by stealthy packs of wolves, by the relentless cold, and by the deep Russian snows, crawled back, until only a miserable, ragged remnant, the Emperor still at their head, recrossed that Niemen, so cheerfully crossed months ago in the eastward march, with all the bells of Moscow ringing behind them, in a prophetic augury of Tchaikovsky's swirling Pæan. But that was all to come. When, in February, in a little suburb of Portsmouth, there was born a son to John and Elizabeth Dickens, the little impecunious family was not thinking about those wars which were drenching all Europe with blood. He, the father—later to be immortalised, in his weaker aspects, as Mr. Micawber—as he paced his chilly little garden, with its one bare tree...—well, roughly, was wondering what was going to "turn up": whether a boy or girl. But no; my fears were not justified. The book takes its place with the few major biographies in the language, and there is hardly a page I would spare.

Forster's "Life," which also ranks high amongst literary biographies, has long been the standard work on the subject: he was an able and experienced author, he was Dickens' most intimate friend, and he made impressive use of the material at his disposal. But, apart from the fact that reconsiderations of any great author, as an author, should, and are bound to be, made from time to time (and there is a vast Dickensian library), a great deal of documentary material about Dickens, both as author and as man, has come to



DICKENS READING TO HIS SECOND AND THIRD CHILDREN, "MAMIE" (MARY) AND KATEY (KATE MACREADY, LATER MRS. ALSTON COLLINS AND THEN MRS. PERUGINI). A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1865, WHEN THE TWO DAUGHTERS WOULD BE RESPECTIVELY TWENTY-SEVEN AND TWENTY-SIX.



DICKENS IN HIS STUDY AT GAD'S HILL. FROM A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY W. STEINHAUS. THIS WAS THE BASIS OF THE PAINTING CALLED "THE EMPTY CHAIR," WHICH SIR LUKE FIELDS PAINTED ON JUNE 7, 1870, THE DAY OF DICKENS' DEATH.

Dickens, the protester against the ruinous results of the Industrial Revolution, has infected him so much that he tends to judge the novels rather as propaganda against slums, sweating, insanitation, cruelty to children, smoke, filth, and official negligence,

* "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph." By Edgar Johnson. 2 Vols. Profusely illustrated. (Gollancz; £3 10s.)



INSPECTING THE NEW PLAYING FIELDS WHICH HE HAD JUST OPENED: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE PROVOST OF LERWICK, MR. GEORGE H. BURGESS.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING FROM A BROWNIE, CHRISTINE HALCROW, A SHETLAND FAIR ISLE JACKET FOR PRINCESS ANNE.

THE FIRST ROYAL VISIT TO THE SHETLAND ISLANDS FOR 71 YEARS.

ON September 26 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh flew his own De Havilland *Dove* from Dyce, near Aberdeen, to Sumburgh Airport, in the Shetland Islands, for a brief visit to Lerwick—the first member of the Royal family to visit the Islands since the then Duke of Edinburgh laid the foundation-stone of Lerwick's Town Hall in 1882. As he put it himself: "It seems that since 1882 no member of the Royal family has been to the Shetland Islands, and therefore it seems to me about time you had another look." The main purpose of his visit was to open the new King George V. playing fields at Lerwick. After luncheon at the Town Hall of sea trout and heather-fed lamb, the Duke unveiled the stone plaques set in the gates of the two adjoining fields and accepted from the hands of chosen children Shetland Fair Isle jackets for Prince Charles and Princess Anne and a dressing-board for the garments. Before he left he was himself presented with a polo-necked jumper in natural Shetland wool of seven different shades, blended in a Fair Isle pattern by the Isleburgh Community Centre. He also toured the Herring Industry Board's freezing and processing factory, in Lerwick, a Government-sponsored scheme to assist the islands' fishing industries, and talked with many of the workpeople there. After tea at the Town Hall he drove back to Sumburgh, and so by air to the mainland.



THE CHILDREN OF SHETLAND WAVING FLAGS AND CHEERING THE DUKE, WHEN HE VISITED LERWICK.



DURING HIS VISIT TO LERWICK, THE DUKE SAW THE HERRING FACTORY, AND IS HERE SEEN TALKING TO TWO OF THE WOMEN WORKERS IN A PACKING DEPARTMENT. HE ALSO VISITED THE REFRIGERATION ROOM.



AT THE ISLEBURGH COMMUNITY CENTRE, THE DUKE TALKS TO ONE OF THE HAND-SPINNERS OF THE FINE SHETLAND WOOL.

PROGRESSIVE NATIVE ADMINISTRATION IN NORTHERN RHODESIA: A DAY IN THE LIFE



IN THE GARDEN OF HIS HOME AT MUKAN-DANKUNDA: ISHINDE, CHIEF OF THE 10,000 LUNDA PEOPLE, WITH HIS WIFE.



LUNCHING AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE: CHIEF ISHINDE, WHO BEFORE SUCCEEDING HIS FATHER WAS HEAD WAITER FOR SEVEN YEARS AT AN HOTEL IN BULAWAYO.

THE stage is now being set for the coming into being of the new Federal State of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. A limited part of the Constitution promulgated by the Queen by Order in Council on August 16 became effective early in September. This enabled the Governor-General to assume his office and granted him executive powers within the Federation. Until the first Legislative Assembly meets, probably in January 1954, the legislative powers of the Federation reside in the Governor-General, Lord Llewellyn. Northern Rhodesia, one of the three territories which will comprise the Federation, has an area of 287,640 sq. miles, and consists for the most part of high plateau country, covered with thin forest. On these pages we illustrate a typical day in the life of one of the native chiefs of Northern Rhodesia, Chief Ishinde, who is fifty-one years

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) IN HIS OFFICE: CHIEF ISHINDE IS GREETED AT 8 A.M. BY TRADITIONAL HAND-CLAPPING FROM HIS COUNCILLORS. THERE IS A PICTURE OF THE QUEEN ON THE WALL.



DURING HIS DAILY TOUR OF HIS CAPITAL: CHIEF ISHINDE WATCHING A MEDICAL ASSISTANT TENDING A SICK CHILD.



CHIEF ISHINDE AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE WITH HIS "PRIME MINISTER," KANA MPUMBA SAKALEJI. SEATED AT THE TABLE IS THE CHIEF'S PRINCIPAL CLERK AND TYPIST, WHO HANDLES THE CORRESPONDENCE.

OF THE SENIOR CHIEF OF THE LUNDA PEOPLE.



RETURNING TO HIS "PALACE" AFTER PRESIDING IN THE COURTHOUSE DURING THE AFTERNOON: CHIEF ISHINDE, FOLLOWED BY THE "NUVALA," OR CHIEF'S BAND OF DRUMS, AND A XYLOPHONE-LIKE INSTRUMENT.



IN HIS REGALIA: CHIEF ISHINDE, WEARING A MEDAL AWARDED TO HIM BY KING GEORGE VI. TO COMMEMORATE THE ROYAL VISIT TO AFRICA IN 1947.



Continued.
old. He is senior Chief of 10,000 Lunda people in the Balovale district of his country's North-Western Province, and his land comprises some 2500 sq. miles. As head of the Lunda native authority, which functions as a local administration under the Central Government, Chief Ishinde has to deal with a good deal of "paper work" and he has an office equipped with a modern typewriter, filing cabinets and so forth. Part of each morning is spent in a tour of his capital village of Mukandankunda. On ceremonial occasions, like the annual visit of his sub-chiefs, he wears his regalia, including some ancient bracelets made of human sinew, which are centuries-old symbols of power. Chief Ishinde, who is a Christian, a progressive ruler and a practical administrator, has resisted all political pressure over Federation, which he regards as an act of progress which will benefit the African — it benefits the European.

(LEFT.) PRESIDING OVER A MEETING OF SUB-CHIEFS IN THE COURTHOUSE AT MUKANDANKUNDA: CHIEF ISHINDE, WHO IS WEARING THE SWORD OF STATE.



OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE: CHIEF ISHINDE GREETING A DISTRICT OFFICER MAKING A ROUTINE VISIT TO THE LUNDA CAPITAL OF MUKANDANKUNDA FROM THE GOVERNMENT DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS AT BALOVALE.



AT THE END OF HIS BUSY DAY: CHIEF ISHINDE RELAXES IN HIS HOME AND READS A NEWSPAPER.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MR. NEHRU AS MENTOR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

IN some respects Mr. Nehru is one of the most interesting of modern statesmen. He has in the past reviewed world events and policies, or, at least, those which do not directly concern himself and India, in a spirit of detachment which is not common to-day. He rarely uses the conventional terms of international oratory, so that his pronouncements are free from the vague generalities which are common. Recently he has appeared as the inspirer of a scheme, the conception of which belongs to political genius, and which may prove to be of inestimable value to the human race. The part which India, at the instance of Mr. Nehru, is playing in the Korean truce is a noble one. Without it we might still be waiting for the repatriation of the prisoners-of-war. In this respect he and his country have helped to bring happiness to many thousands of families, to whom husbands and sons have been restored. This is indeed a deep debt, for which grateful acknowledgment is due. It is also an ingenious and statesmanlike solution of a problem.

The underlying motive of Mr. Nehru is the preservation of the world from another war. He sees clearly that the hostility and anxiety of the two great opposing forces, even though they may both be concerned with their own defence against what they conceive to be the risk of aggression, constitute an ever-present danger. A struggle of this kind canalises not only the activities, but the mentality of States which become involved in it. It dims their view of other considerations. And it has in the past led to wars not originally contemplated by either party. It would seem that he regards himself as not only the protector of his country from such a calamity, but also as a world influence against war. Finally, though he is chary of avowing the fact, he has made himself the best-known spokesman of Asia and of Asiatic ideas and their champion against the "colonisation" of the white man, and, indeed, against what he regards as the materialism of white civilisations. He keeps himself clear of political commitments, doubtless because he believes that such an attitude strengthens his hand in the tasks which he has undertaken. In this way he has become a unique figure among the statesmen of the world.

The position is not without its risks. There is a familiar story of ancient Greece which points a moral. An illiterate peasant, desiring to vote for the banishment of Aristides, asked a bystander to inscribe his name. The bystander, who happened to be the man in question, did so, and then asked the voter if he had any personal grievance against Aristides. The peasant replied: "No, but I am tired of hearing him always called the Just." Impeccable virtue, when it finds no virtue anywhere outside its own bosom, is apt to arouse irritation, and then may fail to accomplish all the good of which it is capable. The position which Mr. Nehru has won, and worthily won, might be compromised if he were to maintain a tone as censorious as that which he has assumed during the last few weeks. I have already said enough to show that, in my opinion, the loss would be serious, and that I hope it may be avoided. The mentor has always a difficult rôle, because he has to contend not only against error but also against the impatience of reproof to be found in those who err.

On September 17, speaking in the House of the People at Delhi, Mr. Nehru said that recent events had made him rather more doubtful of permanent settlements of world problems in the near future than he had been. The cause of his doubt was the evidence he had observed of a species of fanaticism, resembling the former religious fervour but without religion in it, pervading the minds of nations and statesmen. He thought that "anything might happen" if this state of affairs continued. In other words, statesmen and nations need charity, moderation and sympathetic understanding of others. It did not appear to me, I must confess, that his own oration was strong in this respect. First of all, with reference to the discussion in the United Nations on membership of the Korean Political Conference, he attacked not only the United States but also of Latin-America, asking whether the will of Asia and most of Europe was to be flouted by people not concerned so intimately in this matter.

His criticism embraced many countries when he spoke of agreement that the question of Communist admission to the United Nations should not be considered during the present session.

British and South African racial policy in South Africa came under the whip. French policy in North Africa was included in the condemnation. Portugal was linked with France in the matter of "foreign footholds" in India. A State which to most eyes appears inoffensive was next put on the carpet. The world in general has never agreed with the verdict on Ceylon of the hymnologist—Fellow of All Souls, like the Vice-President of India, though he was—that it was a land where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Mr. Nehru does not go as far as that, but he condemns Ceylon's methods of dealing with illegal immigration from India. Now illegal immigration must either be tolerated or dealt with firmly and forcibly, and it is a matter on which all States that have been subjected to the pest on a large scale feel strongly. Rightly or wrongly, most countries

not even as regards Tibet, which China had unceremoniously put into the bag. Some minor problems had arisen after the "change-over" in Tibet, but they related to trade, cultural arrangements and post offices. Some rather irritating petty incidents had occurred; he hoped they would be brought to an end as the result of conversations which he had proposed. Everyone ought to join him in this hope, as also in that which he expressed on this later occasion: that India and Pakistan would eventually succeed in solving the problems of their differences.

Mr. Nehru denied that the position he had taken up was that of a neutral; he did not understand the meaning of the word "neutral" in peace-time. In fact, it possesses a meaning which is well enough known. "The Concise Oxford Dictionary," after giving a definition to cover warfare, adds: "taking neither side in dispute or difference of opinion." In the light of the two reviews of international affairs of which I have spoken, Mr. Nehru appears to be correct in saying that he is not neutral, because in each of the

issues mentioned, whether or not India is directly concerned in them, he has taken one side. He has, needless to say, every right to do so; indeed, in some of them he could hardly avoid expressing a strong opinion. Yet that high spirit of impartiality—another word applied by the dictionary to the neutral in time of peace—which has been a factor of moral strength in Indian policy does not seem to accord with his recent pronouncements.

There is a happier and more promising side to them. Mr. Nehru remains true to his principles. He does not rattle the sabre, though some critics pretend that in the past they have just caught the sound of the scabbard scraping on the ground when he has been surveying Kashmir. The nearest he came to a threat in either of these surveys was his statement that if France or Portugal made use of their settlements in India for the purpose of a war, India would take action to stop them. This was reasonable, and the probability of such an event seems remote. It is also the case that the present situation affords evidence of a grave mental malady in the world, which calls for the aid of impartial political doctors. Yet do all the ills proceed from one side? The United States, the United Kingdom, France, South Africa, Ceylon, Pakistan, and various

unnamed South American Republics—it is a long list of offenders, and all may merit reproof, but are they responsible for all the trouble? Perhaps Mr. Nehru compliments them by considering that reproof to them is safe and will not increase international tension because they are good-tempered, whereas reproof in other directions might add to the dangers to peace. Yet even if this be practical politics, it cannot be called a philosophical approach to the ills of mankind.

I must conclude with the hope that those who are not narrow partisans will acknowledge that Indian policy has from the first been high-minded and well-meaning. Even when they object to some features of it they ought to recognise that it has been consistent. They should also allow that it has been conducted with moderation; even if they make some reservation as regards the question of Kashmir, they may feel relief that the leader of India has none of the attributes of the dictator on a balcony. They have grounds for hope that, on the lines which she has chosen, India will be able to play a beneficent rôle in the world. It is perhaps a small thing that some States, including our own, which do not feel that all the guilt should be put upon them, should have to serve as whipping-boys for Mr. Nehru. No great harm is done, it may be said. Yet I fancy the whipping-boy of the Middle Ages grew sour and, as he sat uneasily on his stool, wished that now and then a cut of the cane might fall upon buttocks which seemed to him to deserve it better than his.



BACK IN GERMANY AFTER YEARS OF CAPTIVITY IN RUSSIA: GERMAN PRISONERS-OF-WAR BEING ADDRESSED AT THE FRIEDLAND REFUGEE CAMP BY HERR HANS LUKASCHEK (LEFT), THE WEST GERMAN MINISTER FOR REFUGEE AFFAIRS.

At the end of September the first group of German prisoners-of-war released in fulfilment of the recent amnesty agreement between the Soviet Union and Eastern Germany returned to their homes, many of them to West Berlin or Western Germany. The first batch, numbering 598, among them 22 women, and 16 children born in captivity, arrived in the Soviet Zone on September 25. Of these by far the greater part were residents of Western Germany and were sent on to the Federal Republic. Most of them had been sentenced to between fifteen and twenty-five years' hard labour for alleged "war crimes." Most of the prisoners who have so far been sent back by Russia are reported to be in good health, although some claim that they were kept alive largely by German Red Cross parcels. At the time of writing, parties of prisoners-of-war from Russia were still returning, but the hopes unduly raised among countless relatives of missing members of the German forces have been criticised by the head of the German Red Cross Search Bureau, Dr. Kurt Wagner. In his opinion, based on accounts given by returned prisoners of their experiences in captivity, most of the 117,000 prisoners listed as missing in the Soviet Union were probably dead.

have established fairly strict immigration laws and are determined that they shall be respected. If Ceylon had, so to speak, taken it lying down, it is hardly to be supposed that Mr. Nehru would have intervened to uphold her laws.

Then there was the old question of Kashmir. Mr. Nehru put India's case without objectivity, almost as if he were one of those benighted statesmen whom he had been condemning. Then he made an angry attack on the Press of Pakistan. Such evidence as I have seen suggests that it has been unduly heated and intolerant on the affair of Kashmir, but I have also read articles and booklets which seemed to put the case of Pakistan clearly and forcibly. Mr. Nehru then spoke of a much-esteemed figure, an American admiral, who had been nominated with his assent as President of the projected plebiscite in Kashmir. He said that he now thought it inadvisable for a citizen of a Great Power to act as administrator of a plebiscite because he might create suspicions, not necessarily in Mr. Nehru's mind, but in the mind of some other Great Power. He would prefer that one should be sought from some other country in Europe or Asia which was not so big—no more of these South Americans, whom the less enlightened readily seek as arbitrators, are, it would seem, wanted. If we put on our thinking-caps to advise him we might suggest Spain, or Western Germany, but they might arouse suspicion, not necessarily in Mr. Nehru's mind, but in that of a Great Power. Lest it be thought, however, that everybody was out of step except



WATCHING FOR UNUSUAL COMMUNIST ACTIVITY ON THE OPPOSITE HILLS: A PRIVATE OF PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY MANNING A CANADIAN OBSERVATION TOWER ON TOP OF NEACHON HILL, NEAR THE OLD FRONT LINE.

FOLLOWING the signing of the Korean Armistice at Panmunjom on July 27, both sides withdrew their military forces a distance of about a mile-and-a-quarter from the front line. Since then the United Nations forces have maintained a constant watch on the demilitarised zone and the Communist positions beyond, for the terms of the armistice bind both sides to a cessation of reinforcement of military personnel and material apart from reliefs and replacement. Our photographs show a typical observation post on Neachon Hill, which is manned from dawn to dusk by Canadian troops, who watch the Communists through telescopes and can report any untoward activity to their headquarters by wireless. The mutual defence treaty between South Korea and the United States was formally signed on October 1. This provides that each country will take action against an armed attack on either, and that South Korea grants the United States the right to maintain troops in the Republic.

(RIGHT.) THE ARMISTICE IN KOREA: TWO CANADIAN PRIVATES ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ANY MILITARY ACTIVITY IN THE DEMILITARISED ZONE DURING THEIR TOUR OF DUTY ON NEACHON HILL.



THE UNITED NATIONS' WATCH ON THE DEMILITARISED ZONE IN KOREA: A CANADIAN OBSERVATION POST.

THE "FLOWERING STONES" OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By WALTER HENRICKS HODGE, Ph.D.

(Illustrated with photographs by the author.)

STONES that flower? Not really, of course, yet in many parts of arid South Africa grow certain kinds of stemless succulent plants in appearance so much like small stones that it is only when they produce their colourful flowers that they momentarily cast off their disguise.

Most "flowering stones" claim kinship with a botanical sorority, the *Mesembryanthema*, famed along with the aloes and euphorbias as one of South Africa's noted groups of succulents. As such they are plants that have become adapted successfully to desert existence by means of fattened body structures which serve as reservoirs for water storage. Not all flowering stones are "mesembs," as the botanist familiarly calls them; most are, but a few other families of plants—and in particular the spurges (*Euphorbiaceæ*), milkweeds (*Asclepiadaceæ*), stonecrops (*Crassulaceæ*) and lilies (*Liliaceæ*)—have also managed to produce a few vegetable pebbles.

All these strange plants are South Africans and are inhabitants of regions such as Bushmanland, the Namib, Little Namaqualand, Griqualand West, or the Little or Great Karroo.

A day's travel by car east or north of Cape Town brings one into the land of the flowering stones. As in most deserts, bare spots are not uncommon.

Sometimes sandy, they are more likely to be stony, covered with gravel or boulders. Though seemingly free of vegetation, gravelly patches like these are the most frequented home-sites of stone-like plants. Stop at one of these gravel patches in Namaqualand (Fig. 1). As it so often happens, it may consist of white quartz pebbles distributed solidly over perhaps an acre or more, though forming thin layers over the soil of no more than a few inches deep. Yet you would swear that nothing could grow on such a gravel-heap. But what's this? Someone has dropped a plucked flower, a radiantly yellow daisy, it seems. You kneel down to examine the



FIG. 2. WHICH ARE PEBBLES AND WHICH ARE PLANTS? STAPELIAS, A LARGE FAMILY OF ASCLEPIADS, WITH TUBERCULATE LEAVES AND STAR-FISH FLOWERS. SOME STAPELIA FLOWERS SMELL LIKE CARRION.

curiosity of a fallen flower on a stone pile, still fresh, though lying under a blazing desert sun—only to find that the flower is seemingly attached to a stone. Better said, it seems to be growing from a crevice or crack between two of the milky-white pebbles. At least, they look like pebbles. You touch them, then pinch them. Not stone-hard, they are turgid, succulent leaves, a single, silvery-coloured pair of them. What you have found is a "silverskin" (*Argyroderma*), one of the classic examples of South Africa's flowering stones (Figs. 8 and 9).

Silverskins share many of the characteristics of their sister stone-plants, perhaps it would pay to take a closer look at our find. Kneeling down better to examine the plant, it comes to you suddenly that there are other silverskins about, dozens of them scattered here and there among the whitish pebbles. There may be several on each square yard. A few are in bloom but many lack flowers. Those without flowers are perfectly camouflaged that you can not fail to marvel at how seemingly well-protected they are out here in a desert no-man's-land. For in such sites succulent leaves are at a premium with wandering animals.

Uprooted, a plant of *Argyroderma* is an insignificant thing—just a single pair of thick leaves, each one more or less hemispherical and attached to a short, stubby stem and root system. When young, the leaf-pair stand tight together. But at the beginning of the first winter rains in June, a tiny pair of new leaves usually develop between the older ones and at their expense, the old leaves shrivelling up during the process. From the same central slit buds push out, to open into the showy yellow or magenta blossoms,

which, for a brief period, serve as beacons to pollinating insects though breaking down for a while the artful camouflage of stone. Stems are practically non-existent—as they should be on these plants, which, for security's sake, need to hug close to the ground in the shelter of the pebbles they mimic.

Even more extremely adapted to arid conditions are the paired leaves of a cousin of the silverskins, the cone plants (*Conophytum*) (Fig. 5), whose species



FIG. 1. TYPICAL "FLOWERING STONE" COUNTRY: STRETCHES OF WHITE QUARTZ PEBBLES NORTH OF VAN RHYNSDORP, IN CAPE PROVINCE, SOUTH AFRICA.

often spot the quartz patches with equal obscurity. Instead of the silverskins' slit, the globe of the cone

plant has only a tiny central fissure to indicate where two leaves were once separate. It is obvious that in this matter of leaf fashion the cone plant is one evolutionary step further advanced over cousin silverskin, for, as a more-perfect sphere, it is more efficient as regards water storage and evaporation.

Besides serving as efficient reservoirs of water, the leaves of silverskins and cone plants—as well as many of their relatives among the succulent "mesembs"—are among the leading examples of

"mimicry" in the plant world. For not only are they shaped like stones, but they also have the very



FIG. 4. TWO TYPES OF "FLOWERING STONE," DUG UP TO SHOW THEIR STRUCTURE BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND: (LEFT) *CRASSULA COLUMNARIS*—SEE ALSO FIG. 10; AND *EUPHORBIA SUBARNA*—SEE ALSO FIG. 11.

colour of the stones among which they usually grow.

A strange fact, too, is that the stone-like plants actually appear to be limited in their distribution to the patches of white quartz. A person can wander away from the patches on to the darker soil and look "until blue in the face" for an *Argyroderma* or *Conophytum*, but usually without luck. Back on another quartz patch and they again show up. The

underlying soils are the same, whether bare or whether covered with a rubble of quartz, yet the silverskins and their confrères seem to select only the quartz-covered sites. What does this mean? Can plants "choose" where they want to grow? Certainly not! What happens is that seed of these stone mimics germinates wherever it falls or is carried. Seedlings germinating on darker soil away from the patches are conspicuous because of their light colour and so are most likely to be eaten by animals, but most of those lucky enough to start germination on the quartz usually live on, reasonably well camouflaged, and living proof of the general efficacy of their mimicry.

At least one stone plant, when transplanted out of its native arid environment, sheds its disguise and assumes a form more like that of most normal plants. In so doing it is perhaps reverting to its ancient ancestral form that it had before South Africa had become so arid. This apparently "mutable" species is not a "mesemb" at all but a curious stonecrop, *Crassula columnaris* (Figs. 4 and 10). South Africans call the plant *hoesnaatjes*. Like other stone-like succulents, this little *Crassula* inhabits the desert quartz patches, but in the Little Karroo rather than in Namaqualand.

Of golf-ball size, little *hoesnaatje* is similar in its spherical shape to other stone plants. But it has become adapted not, as in the stone-like "mesembs," by losing all but one pair of stemless storage leaves, but rather by keeping all of its leaf-pairs. The latter, imbricated like shingles on a roof, are fitted together so tightly that they are hardly recognisable as leaves at all. Moreover, they have a yellowish-brown cast which tends to match them the more with the rust streaks

of the quartz pebbles between which the plants are accustomed to grow.

But all this fine mimicry is lost when a plant of *Crassula columnaris* is moved out of its natural environment. Under abnormal humid conditions the typical ball form is modified through the elongation of the stem into a small but erect green column on which the leaves are no longer imbricated but rather loosely arranged. It was apparently a plant of this type which caused botanists to give it the misleading name, *columnaris* ("like a column").

All the stone plants described thus far would be wonder enough, but there

are related genera which are even more amazing. For although silverskins, cone plants and *hoesnaatjes* mimic to a remarkable degree the colour and shape of the quartz pebbles, some of their close cousins accomplish not only this but add the ability to mimic stone texture as well. Witness the genus *Lithops* (Fig. 7), whose very name means "stone-like," or the spotted stone plants of the genus *Pleiospilos* (Fig. 6), whose leaves look like angular fragments of granite. The paired leaves of *Lithops* are flattened on the top and, to match the surroundings, they are irregularly wrinkled, resembling the very texture of the surrounding rocks or soil. Species of this genus are not limited to white quartz patches but grow in a variety of desert soils. The strange thing is that whatever the soil colour—whether yellowish sand, greyish shale or ferruginous earth or stones—the leaves of the several species of *Lithops* always seem to match. Down through the years it would appear that the environment has been selecting only those variations which showed the best camouflage.

Species of *Lithops* as well as *hoesnaatjes* tend to be buried in the soil, with the result that only the flat tops of their leaves show from above. This subterranean habit does not merely help to keep the plant better hidden from the eyes of predators but the total evaporation surface of the leaves is reduced, and water, that might otherwise be lost if the leaves were entirely above ground, is thereby conserved. Unfortunately, this adaptation has also a bad feature. All leaves must have sunlight. A partially-buried leaf loses some of its photo-synthetic surface even though such reduction of surface serves the purpose of

(Continued opposite.)

STONES WHICH FLOWER, AND PLANTS WITH WINDOWS.



FIG. 5. THE TWO LEAVES OF THE CONE PLANT (*CONOPHYTUM CALCEOLUS*) IN NAMAQUALAND FORM A TIGHT GLOBE, FROM WHOSE FISSURE EMERGES A YELLOW FLOWER.



FIG. 6. FOUR PLANTS OF *PLEIOSPILOS*—IN LEAF, BUD AND FLOWER. THE LEAVES MIMIC FRAGMENTS OF GRANITE IN SHAPE, TEXTURE AND COLOUR.



FIG. 7. IN THIS SPECIES—*LITHOPS OLIVACEA*—THE DARKER PATCHES ARE TRANSLUCENT "WINDOWS" WHICH ALLOW PHOTOSYNTHESIS TO GO ON INSIDE THE LEAF.



FIG. 8. SEEDLING "SILVERSKINS"—*ARGYRODERMA* SPECIES—WHICH ARE NORMALLY ALMOST INVISIBLE AMONG THE WHITE QUARTZ PEBBLES IN WHICH THEY GROW.



FIG. 9. A CLOSE-UP OF "SILVERSKINS" IN FLOWER: THE FLOWERS ARE A BRILLIANT YELLOW OR MAGENTA AND LIKE THOSE OF *MESEMBRYANTHEMUM*.



FIG. 10. TWO KOESNAATJES (*CRASSULA COLUMNARIS*) IN THE LITTLE KARROO DESERT. ON THE LEFT, A GOLF-BALL-SIZED MATURE PLANT IN FLOWER; RIGHT, A YOUNG PLANT.

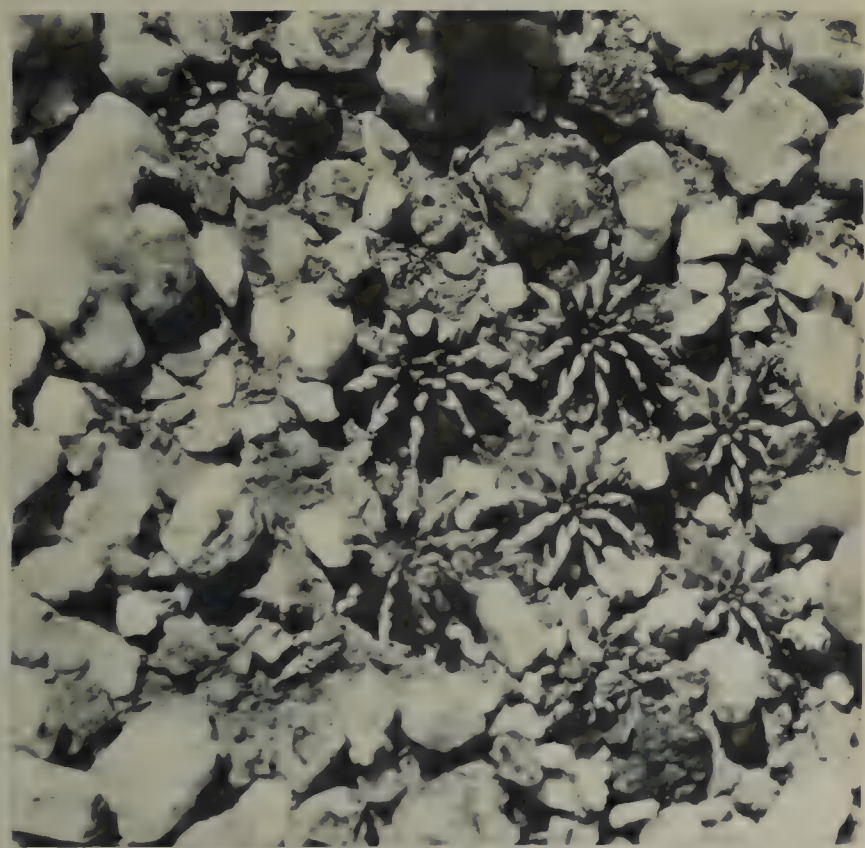
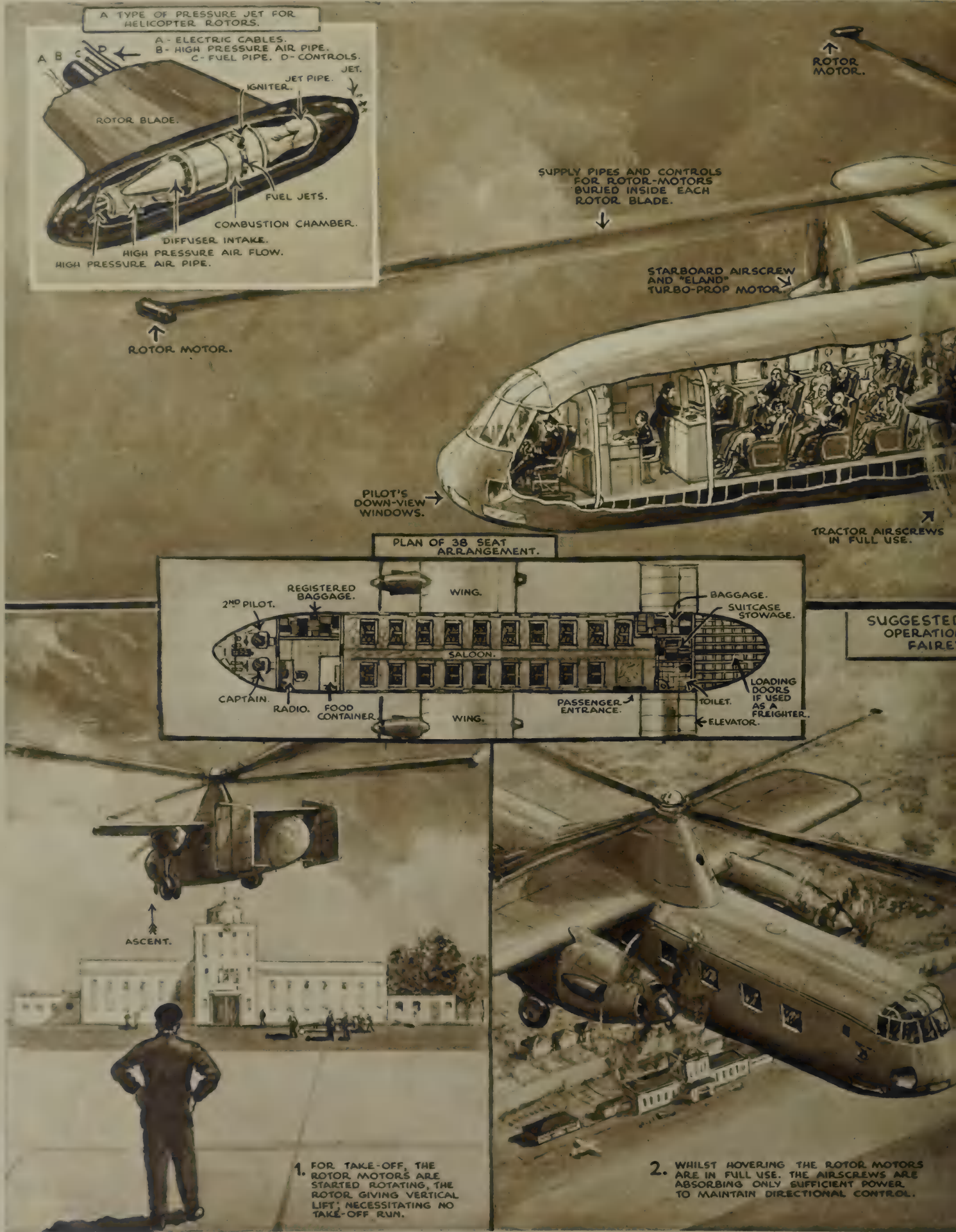


FIG. 11. ROSETTES OF *EUPHORBIA SUSANNE*, BRANCHING FROM AN UNDERGROUND CENTRE. THE TUBERCLES CATCH THE MAXIMUM LIGHT.

Continued. conserving moisture. Strange as it may seem, some stone plants have been able to get around the horns of this dilemma by an unusual improvisation. Evolutionary adaptation has resulted in the construction of a sort of "skylight" in their leaves. The leaves of most succulent plants are made up of a thick core of transparent water-storage cells, completely covered by a thin, more or less opaque layer of the green food-manufacturing cells. All that had to be done was to eliminate the green layer from the flat tops of the leaves and the result would be a sort of built-in skylight to admit light. This is just what has happened in most species of *Lithops*. Acting exactly like the windows of a house, through which passes

daylight to diffuse into and lighten all corners of a room, so these unbelievable tiny windows, composed of thousands of transparent living cells, transmit life-giving solar energy down into the interior of the stone plant's fleshy leaves, there to be reflected not upon the outer but rather the inner surface of the green mantle of chlorophyll. Skylight windows are not limited to the genus *Lithops* but are shared by about a half-dozen cousin genera among the *Mesembryanthema*. *Fenestraria*, of the sandy wastes of the Namib of South-West Africa, takes its name from its fenestrated leaves, with their clear, triangular "panes," making this one of the most famed of the so-called "windowed-plants."



A REVOLUTIONARY AIRCRAFT ORDERED FOR THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY: THE "ROTODYNE," WHICH C

The Fairey Aviation Co., Ltd., have now received a contract from the Ministry of Supply for the construction of a new type of aircraft which may be said to combine the characteristics of a helicopter, an autogyro and an ordinary type of aircraft. The official information about the prototype "Rotodyne" (as it is called) reveals only that it is a large helicopter powered by two Napier Eland turbo-prop motors and employing jet propulsion at the tips of the four rotor blades, the diameter of

these being in the region of 100 ft. The design of the "Rotodyne" has been developed from the Fairey "Gyrodyne," which was produced some years ago and has been fully tested in flight. The present design apparently allows for a passenger capacity of between thirty and forty, though this may be increased in a later design to 40-50 seats. The wing-tip rotor motors of this revolutionary aircraft will probably work on the pressure jet principle, a high-pressure flow of

DRAWN BY OUR ST



COMBINES THE ADVANTAGES OF THE HELICOPTER, AUTOGYRO AND CONVENTIONAL TYPE OF AIRCRAFT.

air being forced into the combustion chamber, where it is mixed with a mist of oil and then ignited, thus producing increased pressure. The jet motors cause the four-bladed rotor to revolve, air being supplied to them at high pressure from compressors attached to the *Eland* turbo-prop motors. This produces the required lift, the propellers only being used to give the "Rotodyne" directional control, and it becomes, when landing or taking-off, a helicopter. In flight the turbo-prop

motors exert full power and drive the two tractor airscrews, so that the "Rotodyne" flies in the same manner as the conventional type of aircraft, with the exception that the rotor blades are now rotating with the rotor motors shut off, and are providing the greater proportion of lift. The "Rotodyne" now becomes partly an autogyro. The advantage of this type of aircraft over the ordinary helicopter is that considerably higher cruising speeds can be attained in flight.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN certain parts of Eastern North America, especially, I believe, on the shores of the Great Lakes, there grows a most distinct and attractive species of juniper. Its common

name is Waukegan Juniper. Among botanists it has been known variously as *Juniperus procumbens*, *J. prostrata*, *J. sabina prostrata* and *J. hudsonica*. But for the time being, at any rate, it seems to have settled down to the name *Juniperus horizontalis*. It is the most completely prostrate of all junipers. In fact, such a creeping crawler is it, that I can not help feeling that there must surely be some ancient legend or story attached to its strange method of locomotion. A story akin, perhaps, to that of the serpent in the Garden of Eden. Juniper berries are used for flavouring gin. Can it have been that in the dim past the flavour proved all too seductively tempting, with unfortunate results? Juniper, like the serpent, was punished. "On thy belly shalt thou go," and so, on its belly it went; crawled off, maybe, with the Pilgrim Fathers, and fetched up eventually by the Great Lakes. I can find no confirmation, mark you, of this legend-theory. True or false, the fact remains that the Waukegan Juniper is now an honoured and welcome guest in English gardens.

Yet honoured, welcome and attractive though it is, the Waukegan Juniper is not half as much known and grown as it would be if it were not condemned to go quite so completely upon its belly as it is. The plant requires rather special conditions and positions—conditions which are not found in every garden. To look its best it should be able to go sprawling down some steep bank, or trailing down some precipitous rock-face, or terrace wall. In the big rock garden it can be used with magnificent effect. Spreading and creeping over level ground, it is almost bound to look relatively ineffective. It seems ridiculous that a shrub that calls itself *Juniperus horizontalis* should demand a place in which it can grow in an almost perpendicular position. But so it is. Failing bold rock-work, a terrace wall or a steep bank, I would feel inclined to construct a special bed or mound for it; a precipitous mound, covering only a yard or two of ground, its sides rising steeply, just out of the perpendicular, and sustained by chunks of rock, brick or other durable material. A few specimens of the juniper, planted at the summit of the mound, and placed so as to grow out, and down, over the sides would clothe the mound from top to bottom in a very short time. And such clothing! Greens shot with blue-green and silvery blue-grey, and tinged in winter with cold reddish purple. Such a juniper bed-mound would require very careful and tactful placing. It could so easily look foolish, and out-of-place. Yet the sheer beauty of the trailing foliage would cover a multitude of geological sins in the construction of the little mound and make it a thing of beauty, no matter where it was placed.

A year or two ago I had a couple of specimens of the Waukegan Juniper, and for some time was greatly puzzled as to where best to plant them. In the end they solved their own and another problem. Thirty or so years ago I was given an old Italian oil jar, and always it had remained a problem gift. I tried growing many different plants in it, and either they refused to flourish, or they failed to look appropriate. The most successful planting was a small specimen of *Arctostaphylos uva-ursi* which I brought home from the Alps. For seven or

THE WAUKEGAN JUNIPER.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

eight years it spread slowly down one side of the jar's belly, producing occasional crops of pretty, little, pink lily-of-the-valley flowers. Then, a year or two ago, it died suddenly and completely, as this shrub so often dies in the Scottish Highlands. In its place I planted my two small Waukegan Junipers. That solved the problem of what to grow in my oil jar, and at the same time the question of where to place the jar in the garden, and even whether to have it in the garden at all. Italian oil jars are jolly things in themselves, but they have a fatal gift for becoming an affectation in English

further spilling of the juniper, I stood it on a small, low stone wall. In about a year's time *Juniperus horizontalis* will have reached the ground below, by which time a little judicious trimming will be necessary. As of necessity upon its belly it must go, it could only crawl out across the gravel path, there to get its toes trodden on and mutilated by passers-by.

A very beautiful prostrate juniper, which is much more easy to place in the garden than *J. horizontalis*, is the Spanish Savin *Juniperus sabina tamariscifolia*.

This spreads its lovely frond-like branches outwards in all directions. Its general habit is more or less horizontal, yet at the same time the whole plant rises a foot or two above ground-level, to form the most beautiful and picturesque specimen imaginable. It is a shrub which should always be given an open, isolated position—a setting on lawn is perfect for it—where it may develop unhampered and show off its charms without interference from other plants, or from the gardener. As a background shrub for the rock garden it is perfect; but although it is a relatively slow grower, care and thought should be taken in placing it in relation to the rock garden, so as to allow for natural development, and to avoid the necessity for restraint and pruning in the future.

The wild British juniper, *Juniperus communis*, of chalk and limestone formations, is a most variable shrub, and is beautiful in all its many forms. Sometimes it grows into erect columns, and sometimes it spreads out low and almost horizontal. All are worth having in the garden, if you have room. Perhaps the most beautiful of all forms is the Irish juniper, *Juniperus communis fastigiata*, which takes up practically no room at all. It grows a compact, slender, blue-grey column. The finest, tallest imaginable specimen would occupy no more than a square foot or two of garden space, though to show itself to advantage it must have ample living space. In its upward growth "the sky's the limit," though a 15- or 20-ft. specimen would be exceptionally tall.

The Irish juniper has its counterpart, in miniature, in the Noah's Ark tree, *Juniperus communis compressa*. This is the perfect dwarf conifer for the rock garden, and for the sink rock garden, forming dense, blue-grey, tapered columns, which at the age of twenty years or so will have reached a height of perhaps a couple of feet.

Apart from being used to flavour gin, the berries of *Juniperus communis* are used in Norway in making a kind of beer. I was once advised

to take oil of juniper as a cure for lumbago. I tried it, and found it neither more efficacious nor less efficacious than gin. But it was less palatable.

There is another use for the berries of the gin-bush—in the curing of hams. In 1947 I kept a pig whose name was Nausea Hogwash. Eventually, when it became a question of home-curing Nausea, I found an old Wiltshire recipe for curing hams in my mother's book of recipes. Among the necessary ingredients was an ounce of juniper berries. This a local chemist undertook to procure for me. His bill, 15s. for an ounce of juniper berries, shook me slightly, but I paid like a lamb. After all, with two 30-lb. hams in prospect, two Bath chaps, and two vast sides of bacon, 15s. seemed neither here nor there. Reckoned in rations, Nausea represented about thirty years' supply, and of a quality that money could not buy. A week or two later the chemist presented me with 13s. 9d. There had been a slight error in the wholesale invoice for 1 oz. of juniper berries.



SPILLING OVER THE SIDE OF AN ITALIAN OIL JAR IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN: THE FOLIAGE OF TWO SMALL WAUKEGAN JUNIPERS—"GREENS SHOT WITH BLUE-GREEN AND SILVERY BLUE-GRAY, AND TINGED IN WINTER WITH COLD REDDISH PURPLE."

Photograph by J. R. Jameson.

gardens, a slightly precious affectation, akin to copper warming-pans in the "lounge," or multitudes of horse brasses in "artistic" teashops. The Waukegan Juniper took at once to my oil jar, and went spilling down its side at a great pace. At the same time it supplied a perfectly practical and legitimate *raison d'être* for the jar, and its presence in the garden. To give it a little added height so as to allow for still

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THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months without Xmas No.
United Kingdom and Eire	£ 5 16 6	£ 3 0 0	£ 2 16 6
Canada	5 14 0	2 19 0	2 15 0
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ATHLETICS: AN INTERNATIONAL MEETING, AND TWO NEW WOMEN'S WORLD RECORDS.



MISS S. HAMPTON (LEFT) HANDING OVER THE BATON TO MISS A. JOHNSON FOR THE LAST LEG OF THE 4 X 220 YARDS RELAY, IN WHICH THE TEAM ESTABLISHED A NEW WORLD RECORD.



THE BRITISH WOMEN'S TEAM WHO, IN AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH AGAINST THE NETHERLANDS, SET UP THE WORLD'S RECORD OF 1 MIN. 39.9 SECS. FOR THE 4 X 220 YARDS RELAY. (L. TO R.) MISS ANNE PASHLEY, MISS ANN JOHNSON, MISS SHIRLEY HAMPTON AND MISS JEAN NEWBOULT.

THE athletics meeting at the White City on the evening of September 30, consisted of men's and women's international matches between England and the Netherlands and an invitation women's mile. This last provided the most remarkable running of all, since in it Miss D. Leather, of Birchfield Harriers, won in 5 mins. 2.6 secs., thus setting up a new World's and British All-comers record and beating the previous record by 7.2 secs. and the previous record-holder, Miss E. Harding, easily. Another world's record, held by the U.S., was beaten by .1 sec. in the women's 4 x 220 yards, which the English girls won in 1 min. 39.9 secs. In the men's two miles, D. A. G. Pirie attempted to beat the world's record (of 8 mins. 40.4 secs., held by Reiff of Belgium), and although he failed, still set up a new British All-comers and National record of 8 mins. 47.4 secs. In this event the English runners took the first three places, F. Green being second and F. Sando third. The matches were both won by England. In the men's events England scored 102 points to the Netherlands' 59; and in the women's, England scored 66 to the Netherlands' 41. The weather conditions for the meeting were not good. The track had been deadened by rain and a drizzle fell during the course of the meeting.



THE 80-METRES HURDLES: (L. TO R.) MISS KALMAN (N.), MISS I. POND (E.), THIRD, MISS W. LUST (N.), THE WINNER IN 11.6 SECS., AND MISS J. DESFORGES (E.), SECOND.



MISS J. DESFORGES, WHO WAS SECOND IN THE HURDLES, SEEN HERE COMPETING IN THE LONG JUMP, WHICH SHE WON AT 18 FT. 8½ INS.



MISS V. WINN WINNING THE HALF-MILE IN 2 MINS. 16.4 SECS., BUT FAILING IN HER ATTACK ON THE WORLD RECORD.



THE START OF THE TWO MILES, IN WHICH PIRIE MADE A NEW BRITISH RECORD, BUT FAILED TO BREAK THE WORLD RECORD. (L. TO R.) F. SANDO (E.), K. MALIPAARD (N.), F. GREEN (E.), J. W. KEESOM (N.), D. A. G. PIRIE (E.) AND J. FEKKES (N.).

NEARLY THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF EGYPTIAN ART—EXEMPLIFIED



A SMALL LIMESTONE FIGURE OF A MOTHER AND CHILD OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM (c. 1800 B.C.). THE POSE REPRODUCES A HIEROGLYPHIC SIGN WHICH SIGNIFIES "NURSE."



(ABOVE.) A VIGOROUS RELIEF OF THE ELEVENTH DYNASTY, SHOWING THE HAIRDRESSER INENU, WHO IS HOLDING IN HER HAND A TRIPLE LOCK WHICH REPRODUCES THE HIEROGLYPH FOR "HAIR."



(ABOVE.) THE EGYPTIAN GALLERIES OF THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM, N.Y., HAVE BEEN REMODELLED RECENTLY AND THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE STYLE OF DISPLAY IN THE NEW "OLD KINGDOM ROOM."



A PLEASING TRIFLE OF THE PTOLEMAIC PERIOD, SHOWING TWO APES, IN A JADE-GREEN STONE, ADORNING THE SIGN SYMBOLISING THE REALM OF THE SUN.



(RIGHT.) AN ENGRAVED MIRROR OF THE PTOLEMAIC PERIOD, SHOWING (ABOVE) THE IBIS-HEADED THOTH AND MAAT, GODDESS OF TRUTH. THE WOODEN HANDLE SHOWS THE HEAD OF THE COW-EARED HATHOR.

THE Egyptian collections of the Brooklyn Museum in New York rank among the three finest in the United States, and the Egyptian Galleries of the Museum have been recently remodelled and are to be opened to the public in their new form on November 18. The architectural changes show the collections in an effective setting. An effort has been made to avoid overcrowding of material, and each object has been given an individual setting against a neutral background of warm grey. Much care has been exercised to ensure effective lighting, and one of the photographs on this page—of a corner of the "Old Kingdom Room"—shows how this works out in practice. In this photograph the large object in the foreground is a Fourth Dynasty "palace-façade" sarcophagus. On the extreme left is a relief portrait of Itwesh, inscribed as "made from the life," and dating from about 2450 B.C.; on the extreme right, an archaic head, the earliest known colossal royal head—which was illustrated and described in *The Illustrated London News* of January 25, 1947. The remainder of the objects illustrated on these two pages are new or recent acquisitions of the Museum which have not previously been exhibited there. The two statues, in wood, of the Old Kingdom official, Methethy, are of great interest. That showing him as a young man, although remarkable for the fine preservation of its colour, is a fine but conventional example of the style of the Fifth Dynasty. The figure of the ageing Methethy, though smaller, is a masterpiece of early Egyptian portraiture. It shows him an ageing man, with delicate, sensitive features and wiry, nervous limbs. Its rather realistic treatment would hint at a date of about 2300 B.C., but evidence from inscriptions found in his tomb pointed to a date before 2420 B.C., and places the origin of a style which reached its height in the Middle Kingdom (c. 2000 B.C.), much earlier than has previously been thought. The relief of the hairdresser and the statuette of mother and child are of especial interest as being examples of the "filling out" of a hieroglyphic sign.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS OF THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.



THE YOUTHFUL METHETHY, AN OFFICIAL OF THE OLD KINGDOM: A LARGE WOODEN STATUE, REMARKABLE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ITS COLOUR.



THE AGEING METHETHY: ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF THE SAME OFFICIAL, MADE DURING THE REIGN OF KING UNAS, AND SO FIXING AN EARLY DATE FOR THE BEGINNING OF THIS STYLE OF SCULPTURE.



A PRIEST OF AMUN—IN POLISHED BLACK BASALT. A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE CONVENTIONAL SCULPTURE OF THE LATE PERIOD, DATING FROM THE EARLY FOURTH CENTURY B.C.



SESOSTRIS III., IN BLACK STONE, INSCRIBED: "THE HORUS NETER-KHEPERU, KING OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT, KHA-KAU-RE, BELOVED OF HORUS OF NEKHEN, GIVEN LIFE."



A DETAIL OF THE STATUE OF SESOSTRIS III., SHOWING THE UNUSUALLY DISTINGUISHED MODELLING OF THE BODY. THIS GREAT KING IS SHOWN AS A MAN IN MIDDLE LIFE

A HOLY MAN OF DARK AGE JORDAN, AND THE CAIRN WHICH HIS KINSMEN BUILT AND INSCRIBED.

A PROFUSELY INSCRIBED MONUMENT WHICH THROWS NEW
LIGHT ON THE LITTLE-KNOWN SAFAITE NOMADS.

By G. LANKESTER HARDING, F.S.A., Director of Antiquities, The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. (Photographs by R. Richard Brown, F.S.A., and the Author.)

THE excavation of a burial cairn in Jordan has cast new light on a little-known people—Arab nomads of pre-Islamic times. These Safaites, wandered over the lava belt that extends between the frontiers of Jordan, Syria and Iraq, and derive their name from Safa, in South-Eastern Syria, which seems to have been their chief centre. Traces of their activities appear to date from the first to the seventh century A.D. Of these traces by far the most outstanding is that of a passion for writing. The Safaites evidently took keen pleasure and interest in recording their names and actions; and these records have survived for us in thousands of graffiti scratched and hammered on the basalt rocks and boulders. The script they used belongs to the South Semitic group of alphabets, which includes Himyarite, Sabæan, Thamoudic, etc., and the language is pre-Islamic Arabic, with some Aramaic influence. (All the South Semitic scripts have died out except for Ethiopian, which, in a somewhat changed form, is still used in Abyssinia to-day.) In the texts the writer first gives his name and a list of ancestors, often going back eight or ten generations, then perhaps some deed of his—his fortune in war or in hunting, in shepherding sheep and camels, his labours in building funerary cairns for others, his sorrow in finding friends'

thing was likely to survive so close to the main road. He pointed out, however, that it appeared to be the best-built and best-preserved we had yet seen,



FIG. 1. THE BURIAL CAIRN OF THE HOLY MAN HANIA, SON OF AQRAB, SON OF HANIA, SON OF HAYAR: A REMARKABLE MONUMENT DISCOVERED BY HASSAN AWAD (STANDING ON THE RIGHT) NEAR THE BAGHDAD ROAD IN JORDAN.

so reluctantly I stopped the car and went to investigate. On this first visit, sixty-three texts were recorded, including two which told us the name of the person buried in the cairn, one Hania, son of Aqrab, son of Hania, son of Hayar (Fig. 2). I was much impressed by its intact appearance, and a further visit in May 1951 produced another forty-four texts, including the very interesting drawing shown in Fig. 8.

Study and translation of the inscriptions revealed that 75 per cent. of them were by friends and relations of the deceased who had helped in the funeral and the building of the cairn. A striking and rather puzzling feature was that there was not a single record of any son or child of Hania present at the ceremonies, only brothers, cousins, nephews and relatives by marriage. Altogether, I was persuaded that the cairn would repay excavation, particularly as no Safaitic burial had ever been excavated before, and the work was carried out early in November.

The four faces of the cairn were cleared of their encumbering stones and debris, and on the south side was found a single grave, lying east and west, containing the skeleton of an elderly woman, head to the west, face south. With her were a few glass beads, a wooden comb, and a small cloth bag containing greyish-green powder not yet identified. The sides and cover of the grave were of inscribed slabs, of still more people recording their help in building Hania's cairn, and so were earlier than the burial. Nothing else was found on any other side, so work was commenced on

surface with an entrenching tool, declared that there was a difference in the soil towards the north side. Another hour's work and he had the grave outlined, and, indeed, the difference in soil was then quite apparent. But only an experienced worker with very keen powers of perception could possibly have found that grave, and without his presence we might well have come away believing that our quest was fruitless.

However, the grave was found at a depth of 160 cms. (5 ft. 3 ins.), covered with slabs of stone, which were further sealed off by a deposit of hard mud. The result was that practically no soil had penetrated the burial, and removal of the slabs revealed Hania himself (Fig. 3), a tall, very large man, with long, black hair and a short, black beard. The body was oriented in exactly the same way as the grave outside, and there were some remains of the cloth in which it had been wrapped. With him was a small wooden bowl (Fig. 5) and an iron spoon (Fig. 4), by his right arm; a leather bag or water skin by his left shoulder (Fig. 2); and down his right side a long, thin staff, the head of which was studded with silver nails. He was a young man, perhaps in the early thirties, and may have been killed by an arrow, for in the left shoulder-blade was a small slit with a nick top and bottom such as would have been made by a leaf-shaped arrowhead.

This equipment found with Hania suggests that he was a wandering derwish, or holy man, the begging-bowl, leather bag and staff being typical appurtenances of such people. And if he were a derwish it would explain why he had no children, for they do not usually marry. The elderly woman may, perhaps, have been his mother, who died later and was buried near her famous and revered son. Some of the drawings



FIG. 3. THE REMAINS OF HANIA, DISCOVERED OVER 5 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE UNDER THE CAIRN. BY HIS LEFT SHOULDER IS A LEATHER BAG OR WATER SKIN; BY HIS RIGHT ARM A SMALL WOODEN BOWL (FIG. 5).

accompanying the texts are of great interest, especially that illustrated in Fig. 8. We have long known in the

desert structures which we called kites, because of their superficial resemblance when seen from the air to a child's kite in flight. They consist of a small enclosure with a narrow entrance, from which two very long walls spread out fanwise. Their purpose and date have been much debated, but both questions are answered by this contemporary drawing of one in use. The enclosure is seen on the left, and the long walls—narrowing in this case, because of the shape of the

stone—seem to have a kind of palisade on them. Between them the flock of goats grazed, and on the approach of danger, as depicted here, they were stampeded towards the enclosure, a man standing on either side of the narrow entrance to guide them in. The entrance would then presumably be closed, and the place easily defended.

(Continued opposite.)

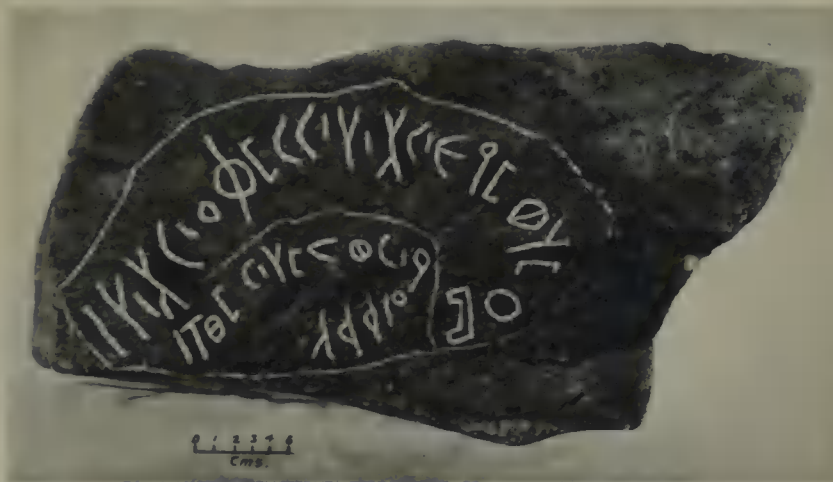


FIG. 2. AN INSCRIBED STONE OF THE CAIRN OF FIG. 1.

The larger text reads: "By Hania, son of Aqrab, son of Hania, son of Hayar; and the cairn." This implies that he was buried in the cairn, which is confirmed by other inscriptions. The lower text reads: "By Zawar, son of Haras; and he built for his paternal uncle"—i.e., Hania.

or relatives' inscriptions and his lamentations on their account. Occasionally a date is given, as one which was written "in the year in which the Medes [i.e., the Persians] came to Bosra," which episode took place in 618 A.D. Most of the writers end up by asking a blessing from Allat or Dushares, the principal deities, and a curse on those who efface or damage the writings. Sometimes there is, in addition, a picture of the scene described. Texts are usually, but not invariably, associated with cairns and most of them lie by the eastern face. From the enormous number that exist, it would seem that everyone was literate in those times.

The building of funeral cairns was an important feature of Safaitic society, and the remains of many such structures can be found in this lava region. The Bedouin of to-day still erect cairns over prominent people who had been killed, but never over those who died a natural death. It is also customary nowadays to bring the stones for these memorials from some distance away, and this was fully apparent in the subject of our study. In the pattern of basalt stones that on all sides surrounded the cairn we excavated, there were no spaces or signs of disturbance to suggest that any of the material for the cairn had been taken from near by.



FIG. 4. THE IRON SPOON FOUND IN THE GRAVE OF HANIA. (FIG. 3.)



FIG. 5. THE WOODEN BOWL FOUND IN THE GRAVE OF HANIA.

removing the enormous mass of stones from the interior of the cairn, without damaging the outer walls. This was eventually achieved, and native soil reached, but no sign of a grave could be seen. Hassan Awad, the real discoverer of the cairn, who has twenty-five years' excavation experience behind him, took matters in hand, and after very careful scraping of the

THE HOMAGE TO HANIA: INSCRIBED STONES
FROM A JORDAN BURIAL CAIRN.



FIG. 6. UNUSUAL LIGHT ON SAFAITIC DOMESTIC LIFE. THE INSCRIPTION READS: "BY AQIRBAN, SON OF KASAT, SON OF SAAD. THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN PLAYS THE REED PIPE."



FIG. 7. A CAMEL-RIDER HUNTING AN OSTRICH. THE POSITION OF THE CAMEL'S HEAD SEEMS STRANGE, BUT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BEAST IS PULLED UP.



FIG. 8. AN INSCRIPTION WHICH SETTLES THE ARGUMENT ON THE PURPOSE OF THE JORDAN ENCLOSURES KNOWN AS "DESERT KITES." GOATS ARE BEING HERDED BETWEEN THE PALISADED WALLS INTO THE ENCLOSURE, LEFT. THREE GOATS ARE ESCAPING. THE INSCRIPTION READS: "BY MENAT, AND HE BUILT FOR HANIA. AND HE DREW THE ENCLOSURE AND THE ANIMALS PASTURING BY THEMSELVES."



FIG. 9. A HORSEMAN SPEARING A LION. THE INSCRIPTION READS: "BY AQIRBAN, SON OF KASAT; AND HE BUILT FOR HANIA. OH, ALLAT, WHAT A HORSEMAN!"


Continued.
The drawing in Fig. 10 depicts a battle in which spears, swords and bows and arrows are being used. Perhaps the very affray in which Hania was killed? The central figure rides what looks like an  but must surely be meant for a horse, and on the right appears a woman. Women often accompanied the men into battle and encouraged the fighters with ululations and scathing remarks if they showed signs of giving way. Many of the drawings were done by one man, who



FIG. 10. A SAFAITIC BATTLE SCENE INSCRIBED ON A STONE. IT INCLUDES A HORSEMAN AND MEN USING BOWS, SPEARS, SWORDS AND SHIELDS; WITH A WOMAN (RIGHT).

appears to have been the artist of the party (Figs. 6, 7, 9). There is a nice human touch in one text, which reads: "By Umaiya son of Akul of the tribe of Hulay. And he grieved deeply for his dog which had strayed. So, O Allat, grant that he may return." All the texts are now being translated and studied, and will no doubt reveal more about these nomadic people, who are otherwise unknown.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ON reading Ronald Ribbands' book, memory took me back to a country house, in a low-ceilinged room, lit by oil-lamp, where twenty-five years ago I used to listen to an elderly friend discoursing by the hour on natural history in general, and especially on bees, his particular study. It is too far back to remember in any detail these conversations, except to recall that they were inspiring. So far as bees are concerned, I can recall that the narrative of his studies was frequently punctuated with queries. How do bees do this? Why do they do that? He may have known that Spitzner had written, in 1788, that "When a bee finds a good source of honey somewhere, after her return home she makes this known to the others in a remarkable way. Full of joy, she waltzes around among them in circles, without doubt in order that they shall notice the smell of honey which has attached itself to her: then when she goes out again they soon follow her in crowds." He may also have known that Dujardin, in 1852, had come to the conclusion that honeybees could communicate the presence of good sources of food to their hive-mates; and that many others, besides himself, had tried to find out how it was done.

The elucidation of this one problem is to-day inevitably associated with Karl von Frisch who, during the years 1920 to 1924, was able to publish proof that bees returning from a successful foraging performed dances which excited their comrades to fly out to search for the food which the dancers had been collecting. From then until 1950, there came a series of scientific papers from this author which, with the results achieved by other investigators, built up the remarkable story that has become almost household knowledge. It was found that the returning forager may perform either a round dance or a waggle dance, as they are called, or some pattern intermediate between the two; and that by this means it communicates to its fellow-workers the distance of the source of nectar or pollen. The direction of the source also can be communicated. It was also found that other bees "perceived the odour of the blossoms which had clung to the bodies of the dancers . . . also that of the nectar which they brought home and which they distributed to potential recruits before they commenced to dance." The whole story is too long to give here, although much of it was told on this page for January 31, 1948, by Gilbert Nixon. It is given in detail in Ronald Ribbands' book, "The Behaviour and Social Life of Honeybees" (published by the Bee Research Association Ltd.; 2rs.), in which the author makes a comprehensive review of the surprising results hitherto published in scientific journals only, including experiments now reported for the first time. In other words, it brings our knowledge of the ways of bees up to date, in a form that will attract not only the scientist and the beekeeper, but all interested in natural history. This fascinating and informative book of over 300 pages, abundantly and beautifully illustrated, answers many of the questions I heard posed in that lamp-lit room, and shows, among other things, the tremendous advances in our knowledge of honeybees in the last quarter of a century.

Mr. Ribbands' opening paragraph is worth quoting in full. "The bee is an insect; it lives in the same world with us, subject to the same physical and chemical laws, but insects and vertebrates are built on entirely different plans, and they often respond to those laws in different ways. In studying insects we can often only appreciate their abilities in terms of our own: thus it is easy to measure their limitations, but very

ALL ABOUT HONEYBEES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

difficult to discover, or to assess, the importance of abilities which we do not possess. Insects are a very successful group of animals, and their success suggests that they have achievements as well as limitations; our study and assessment of honeybee behaviour is handicapped by the fact that we are not insects—

follow in such details the similarities and the differences, and to compare and contrast the ways honeybees and vertebrates solve the problems of successful living. And the evidence upon which we can, each one, base our own opinions on this controversial point is set out in complete and satisfactory detail.

The roots of behaviour are in the senses, and Part I of the book sees each of these analysed in turn, as well as the structural differences between the workers, queens and drones. How far bees can hear is still in doubt, although sounds are emitted by the queen, which are not due to the movement of her wings. Taste and smell are located in the antennae, but whereas a vertebrate can smell from a distance, a bee can perceive sweetness without direct contact with the source of it. A bee's eyes are constructed, as is well known, on a different plan to the vertebrate eye. Even so, it can appreciate patterns to some extent, can discriminate between colours and shades of colours, though again to a limited degree as compared with the vertebrate, but, above all, it can perceive polarised light, which the human eye cannot.

The workers must forage for crops. They must find the best sources of food, be able to return to the hive with the load, pass the information on to their fellows, be able to return to these crops for further supplies, and, by means of a time perception, avoid waste of energy by only going to the nectar yields when the flowers are open. If a particular flower opens at mid-day, say, the bees will not attempt to visit it until then. Not only must they communicate the whereabouts of food to their fellows, they must be able to pass on information about suitable sites for a new home, be able to recognise members of their own colony, and in every way be in communication with their fellows so that the colony works as an integrated unit. This is true for the activities in the hive as well as in the field. The comb must be built and maintained,

the temperature and humidity of the hive kept at optimum conditions, the brood tended and the nectar ripened. A multiplicity of duties is involved, which must be carried out in an orderly manner if the colony is to survive.

Here is Mr. Ribbands' summing-up: that while the roots of individual behaviour and hive discipline lie in the sense-organs, they are based on food. "... the food-supplying instinct of honeybee workers is extended so that all adult members of the colony are fed. The feeding of workers by workers has important social consequences; the food serves as a method of communication, and welds the colony into a unit for both productive and defensive purposes. Through this food transmission, potential foragers are informed of the quality and scent of the crops gathered by their comrades. . . . This considerably increases the foraging efficiency of the colony. The food-sharing has become so extensive that the diet of each individual in any one colony contains almost the same proportion of the various nectars brought in; the scents in these nectars become converted into odorous waste products . . . so each member produces the same scent. . . . Neighbouring colonies acquire different proportions of the various nectars and

thus produce different scents . . . and in this manner the bees are able to recognise their companions and to distinguish them from other honeybees." This is but one of the stimulating aspects of a book particularly valuable for those who, like my late friend, have no ready access to scientific libraries but whose heads are buzzing with questions about bees.



BEHAVIOUR WHICH PROVIDES MUTUAL RECOGNITION, THUS FACILITATING DEFENCE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE COMMUNITY, AND ALSO SERVES TO DIRECT FELLOW-FORAGERS TO THE HIVE: RETURNED BEES FANNING AND SCENTING AT THEIR HIVE ENTRANCE.

Sladen (1901-02) "investigated the manner in which swarming bees attracted their comrades—by standing still and vibrating their wings so rapidly (fanning) that they set up a peculiar hum. Sladen noticed that a distinct odour was emitted at the same time, and that each fanning bee stood with the apex of her abdomen elevated, and exposing the membrane which connects the fifth and sixth segments of its dorsal surface. . . . Sladen concluded that this scent was the instrument of communication, and that fanning effectively distributed it; he noted that the mechanism was also invoked by tired or young bees which had returned to the entrance of their home, and that it served to direct their comrades towards the hive."

Photograph by Günter Olberg, Germany.



"IN HOMECOMING THE HONEYBEE MAY MAKE EXTENSIVE USE OF LANDMARKS AT SOME DISTANCE FROM THE HIVE ENTRANCE, AND THESE MAY BE COLOURED": A SUCCESSFUL FORAGER, IN FLIGHT.

Photograph by Ben Knulson. Reproductions from "The Behaviour and Social Life of Honeybees"; by courtesy of the Publishers, Bee Research Association Ltd.

aspects of their life we can only guess, and there may be other aspects which we have not yet imagined." I would quarrel with the assertion that insects and vertebrates are built on "entirely different plans"; markedly different, perhaps, but the fundamental structure is the same, even although the gross features of anatomy and morphology differ. Indeed, it is this which, for me, makes the book so attractive, to

NEWS FROM ABROAD: A CAMERA
SURVEY OF WORLD EVENTS.



A NEW WORLD AIR SPEED RECORD: THE DOUGLAS SKYWAY JET F-4D AIRCRAFT WHICH AVERAGED 753.4 M.P.H. IN FOUR RUNS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. On October 3 Lieut.-Commander James Verdin, U.S.N., set up a new world air speed record in a Douglas Skyway jet F-4D aircraft of 753.4 m.p.h. in four runs over a measured course on the southern coast of California. On September 25 Lieut.-Commander Lithgow, R.N., averaged 737.3 m.p.h. in a Supermarine Swift over the desert course near Castel Idris, in Libya.



THE LIBERATION OF MAASTRICHT RE-ENACTED FOR THE FILM "THE TRUE AND THE BRAVE": DUTCH HOME GUARDS BEING WELCOMED BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE. On September 27 the liberation of Maastricht in 1944 was re-enacted for the M.G.M. film "The True and the Brave," which is now being shot in the Netherlands, and stars Clark Gable, Lana Turner and Victor Mature. Our photograph shows Dutch Home Guards entering the town.

(RIGHT.) THE THIRD SPECIMEN OF A COELACANTH TO BE CAUGHT: A VIEW OF THE "LIVING FOSSIL" BEING EXAMINED AT THE MADAGASCAR INSTITUTE OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AT ANTANANARIVO.

A third specimen of the coelacanth, a fish which was thought to have been extinct for some 50,000,000 years until one was landed and identified in 1938, was caught off Anjouan, in the Comoro Archipelago, on September 24. The first specimen was caught in December 1938, the second in December 1952, when Professor J. B. L. Smith flew the fish back to South Africa in a Dakota placed at his disposal by Dr. Malan. The new specimen is 4 ft. 4 ins. long and weighs 90 lb. and is being examined at the Madagascar Institute of Scientific Research at Antananarivo. It is stated that the coelacanth is scarcely damaged, and would therefore be a better subject for study than the one caught last December. A conference is to be held in Nairobi on October 23-24 to organise an expedition to fish for the coelacanth in Madagascan waters.

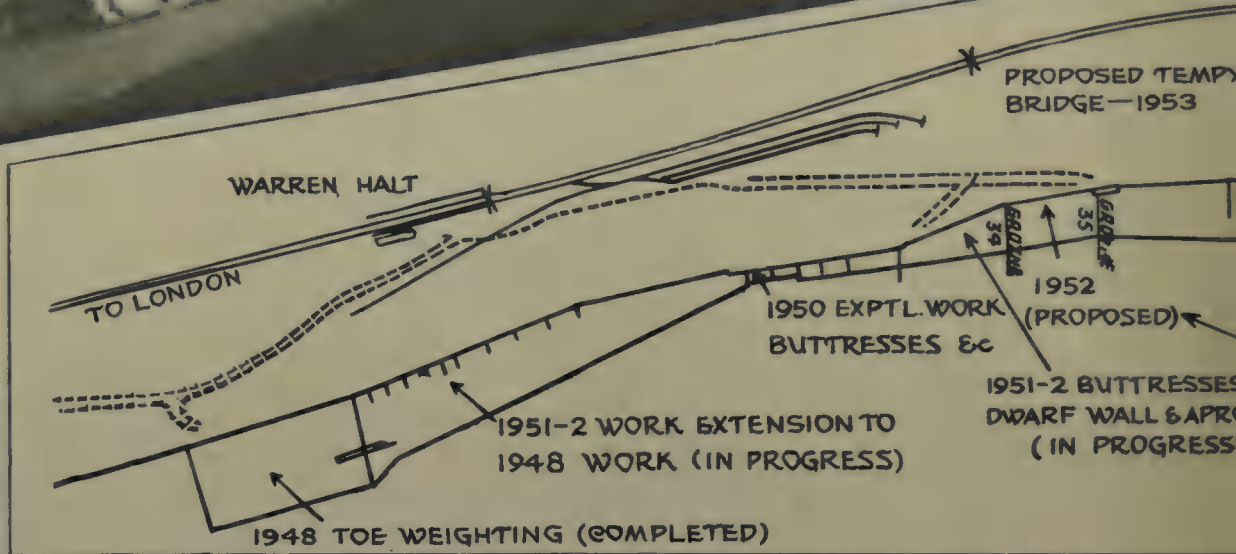


THE FUNERAL OF PROFESSOR REUTER, CHIEF BURGOMASTER OF WESTERN BERLIN: (ABOVE) THE LYING-IN-STATE ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL, AND (RIGHT) THE FUNERAL PROCESSION TO THE ZEHLENDORF CEMETERY.

The funeral of Professor Reuter, Chief Burgomaster of Western Berlin, took place on October 3. About 100,000 people came to the City Hall, where the coffin was lying-in-state on the steps, and after funeral orations had been delivered by President Heuss and Dr. Schreiber, the funeral procession passed through crowded streets to Zehlendorf cemetery.



A UNIQUE RAILWAY ENGINEERING PLAN: THE FOLKESTONE WARREN SCHEME.



WHERE A MAJOR WORK, UNIQUE IN RAILWAY ENGINEERING, HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS SINCE 1948. DOVER, RUNNING THROUGH FOLKESTONE WARREN, OUT OF ACTION FOR LONG PERIODS: AN AIR VIEW OF THE WARREN BY ABBOTSCLIFF TUNNEL. BELOW IS A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.



THE COMPLETED TOE-WEIGHTING (1948-49), A HUGE CONCRETE RECTANGLE, WITH, BEYOND, AN EXTENSION OF THE WORK, WITH THE CAVITY NOT YET FILLED IN (1951-52 WORK).

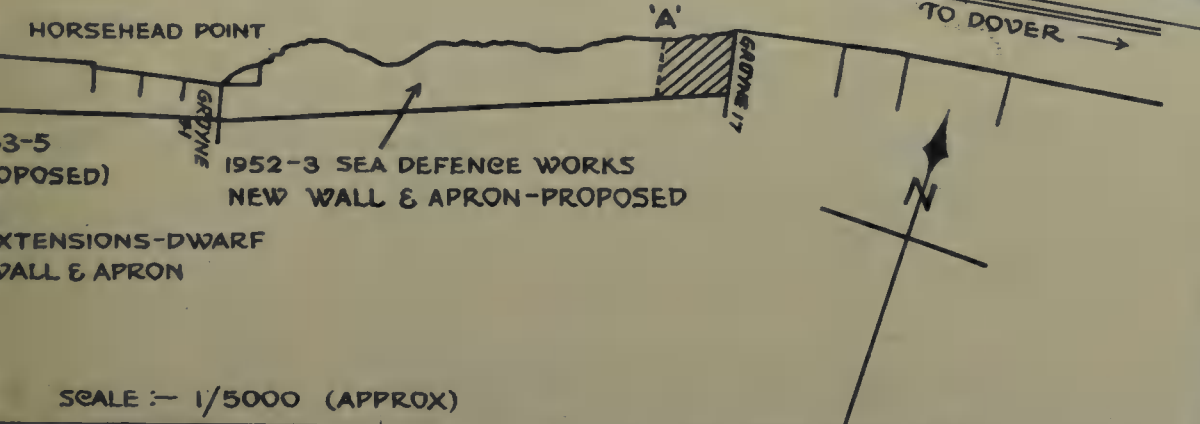
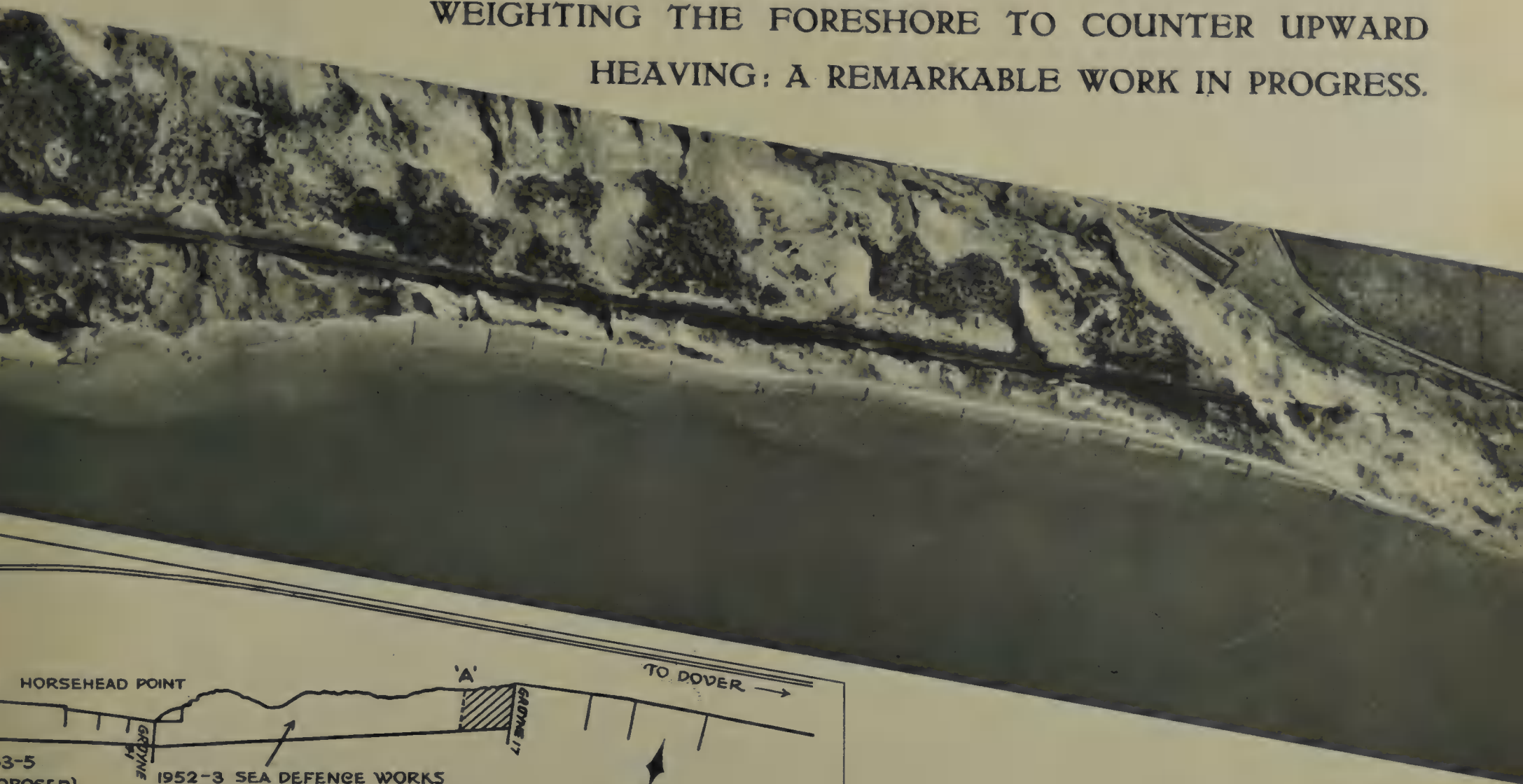
AN important engineering work which presents unique features has been in progress since 1948 to counter coastal landslips in Folkestone Warren, through which a section of the Folkestone-Dover line of the British Railways' Southern Region passes. Since this line was opened in 1844, it has been disrupted several times by landslides, the interruptions in 1877 and 1915 being of long duration. The chief causes of these disturbances are erosion by the sea at the toe of a slip, and forces due to the building-up of water at the back of the Warren in the ground which has slipped. Drainage headings were driven into the Warren many years ago, but some were destroyed in 1915; and a wall was built to protect the undercliff. The present scheme, which results from recent research, includes the dumping of a large of material

(Continued opposite.)



THE VIEW IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH CONTINUED: THE 1951-52 TOE-WEIGHTING NOT FILLED IN, AND (L. TO R.) EXPERIMENTAL WORK (1950), GROUYNE 35 AND BUTTRESSES, DWARF SEA WALL AND APRON.

WEIGHTING THE FORESHORE TO COUNTER UPWARD HEAVING: A REMARKABLE WORK IN PROGRESS.



FTER LANDSLIDES WHICH, IN THE PAST, HAVE PUT THE STRETCH OF LINE FROM FOLKESTONE TO THE SECTION OF THE LINE FROM THE MARTELLO TUNNEL (LEFT) TO THE POINT WHERE IT LEAVES THE BODY IN HAND, AND THAT PLANNED, DETAILS OF WHICH CAN BE IDENTIFIED IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.



1948-49 TOE-WEIGHTING COMPLETED: IN THE CENTRE THE 1951-52 FILLING-IN PRACTICALLY COMPLETED, AND BEYOND, EXPERIMENTAL BUTTRESS AND APRON WORK (1950).



CONSTRUCTED IN 1951-52: A FRONT VIEW OF THE START OF THE BLOCK WALL AND THE APRON AND WAVE-BREAKERS IN FRONT OF THE WALL, SHOWING THE GREAT CLIFFS OVERHANGING THE LINE.

Continued.

on the foreshore at the toe of the slip, to assist in replacing the losses caused by erosion and to help to regain some of the stabilising weight formerly existing. To protect this mass of material, a concrete wall between 14 and 16 ft. high and 12 ft. thick, was constructed, and the whole surface of the dumped material covered with concrete. It has been proved by check measurements that this work has checked further movement. In 1950, following signs of a slip eastward of the new works, a further scheme was submitted, partly an extension of the 1948-49 experimental work, and also a construction further east of a dwarf wall, apron and buttresses. A preliminary section was constructed in 1950, as illustrated. East of Horsehead Point there is a gap in the old sea wall. The railway track is only 300 ft. from the coastline and 100 ft. above sea-level; and two schemes have been prepared to ensure safety and stability at this point. Both are illustrated in the diagram under our long general view. The more urgent to be carried out in 1952-54 comprises the provision of a new step-fronted wall eastward from the Horsehead to close the gap in the old sea wall made in 1915. During 1953-55 it is proposed to construct a dwarf apron and wall from Groyne 35 to the Horsehead to protect the foreshore from erosion and obviate the underpinning of the existing sea wall.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE B.B.C. is broadcasting a serial based on Ouida's novel, "Under Two Flags." It might have been a title for "The Devil's General" (at the Savoy Theatre). General Harras, of the Luftwaffe, fights under two flags. He is a German; this is the Berlin of 1941. Walls have ears (concealed microphones); espionage is what Brutus called "a deed in fashion." It is odd, then, that a high-ranking officer should be openly contemptuous of his leaders.

The point is that Harras does not find it odd. His flags are both German. He is loyal to the traditions of a lost Germany. Although he must work for the Nazis, he scorns them. It is unwise. He may feel that he is indispensable, but Hitler's war-lords do not bear more than they need of this bravado, careless defiance. Harras must conform to the new order: his sole flag must be the crooked cross.

It is not until nearly the end of the play that he knows what he should have done. He has thought and spoken, but he has not acted. To serve the old Germany he should have struck at the heart of the new. The only hope is to lose the war, so that a new nation may rise and the Rhine again run clear ("They never shall subdue it, our German Rhine's free stream"). Here, for once, treason is loyalty, sabotage an honourable duty. Harras learns that one of the chief saboteurs is his own engineer, Oderbruch. And the playwright, Carl Zuckmayer, takes us to the now inevitable (and yet theatrically forcible) end of a melodrama that is strongest when we regard it simply as melodrama, and do not toil among psychological niceties.

Christopher Hassall and Robert Gore Browne have made a vigorous and, I imagine, simplified adaptation. Many at the première must have found themselves simplifying further and treating the play as the portrait of one man, no saint, in futile battle with the powers of darkness, and learning too late that he should have fought evil with its own weapons.

The play can keep us engaged, often excited, though not invariably persuaded. It opens diffusely. Zuckmayer uses many characters, and he takes a long time to establish them in his first act, at a party in surroundings that might have tempted Amanda Ros to talk again of "the heated perfume of rosy Bacchus." In the second act the young girl's affair with Harras becomes tiresome. But the dramatist is generous, and the play is a banquet when we compare it with some of the barely-fluttering little pieces (four characters, one set, no theme, one telephone) to which we are sadly used.

Trevor Howard is the devil's general, a long, exacting part that he tackles with spirit and variety. Elsewhere I was most impressed by Wilfrid Lawson, who makes the part of a singularly tough batman seem about twice its size; and by Rosalind Boxall, in two roles only, but one uncommonly poignant as the widow of an airman. Miss Boxall was Margaret of Anjou, "she-wolf of France," in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre's "Henry the Sixth": she may be a renowned figure of the future. Several other people work ably, including Richard Warner as a sinister little Nazi who is a secondary hinner, and Cyril Luckham as the engineer-saboteur, though I cannot help feeling that this figure has lost something in adaptation.

Allardyce Nicoll, in "World Drama," holds that the play "is made memorable by its vivid portrait of the ice-cold Oderbruch." But few, I think, will come from the Savoy remembering this part above all.

Again we are under two flags at the Prince of Wales, where the revue, called "Pardon My French,"

boxing match this time—the usual quick-flashing train, and Anny Berryer's contralto, the revue is about as accurately French as the young man's rendering in the first scene of the Rattigan farce: "She has ideas above her station"—"Elle a des idées au-dessus de sa gare." Anyway, the revue

has no ideas above its station. It is concerned solely to amuse. Frankie Howerd flaps through it with likeable enjoyment: a glib talker who strays about the point, a magician who never does a trick. He flounders and wobbles round the stage. He is a cheerful jelly of a fellow, as French as Ludgate Circus, and when he is on we will pardon him anything (even his appearance in Spain, with or without mantilla). The revue is a brassy business; but then this is expected: nobody is likely to go to the Prince of Wales in search of an elegant light comedy. The happiest thing, Mr. Howerd apart, is a furious rapier-display by Los Likajos who, in future, should arrange all theatrical fights.

The one fight in Alex Atkinson's "Four Winds" (Phoenix) is a

scuffle during which a revolver goes off without hurting anybody. Still, there has been a murder off-stage—a long way off-stage—and we spend the third act debating it in the usual sit-round style. The victim is a faithless wife: she is never seen, but we hear so much about her that we feel we know her. Certainly we know her husband, who must be the glummiest G.P. any village can have had. This village is on the edge of the Yorkshire moors; and the man would have been a good physician for "Wuthering Heights." Frank Lawton acts him consistently. It is not his fault that the play is curiously in halves, and that the comic relief (supplied exuberantly by William Kendall and Patricia Cutts) clashes with more serious matters. However, the writing in each mood is serviceable—though the author might cut the last four or five minutes—and Betty Ann Davies as (if you follow me) the wife of the doctor's wife's lover, finds real pathos.

Last, Max Adrian, who can be relied upon to impersonate practically anything, turns up under yet another flag at the Royal Court Theatre. Laurier Lister's revue, "Airs on a Shoestring," has shed one or two outdated numbers and added some fresh material. Mr. Adrian becomes a Sherpa who objects to climbing, and who shudders at the name of Everest. He does not quote Shakespeare, but if he did I am sure he would be saying, "How fearful and dizzy 'tis

to cast one's eyes so low. . . . I'll look no more lest my brain turn." As it is, all the Shakespeare quotations are in another new sketch, "Sponsored Bard," which explains with horrible persuasiveness why a watch company should choose for television performance a shredded first scene of "Hamlet" ("a penthouse in Elsinore"). It could have gone on further. Why there "a strict and most obedient watch"? What was "the source of this our watch"? Excellent; but it would have stopped before Horatio's "Break we our watch up"—unless, of course, this would show that nothing else on the market had the same works. "Airs on a Shoestring" continues to be London's gayest revue.



"A SEMI-SHAKESPEAREAN QUINTET ON THE BATTLEMENTS OF ELSINORE": "SPONSORED BARD," ONE OF THE NEW NUMBERS INCORPORATED INTO "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING," IN WHICH JACK GREY BUTTS INTO A TELEVISION SHOW OF "HAMLET" IN ORDER TO EXPOUND THE VIRTUES OF A FAMOUS WATCH.



"A SHERPA WHO OBJECTS TO CLIMBING, AND WHO SHUDDERS AT THE NAME OF EVEREST": MAX ADRIAN IN A NEW NUMBER JUST ADDED TO LONDON'S GAYEST REVUE, "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING" (ROYAL COURT).

is ruled by the intensely English Frankie Howerd. But then we have never worried much about the French element in these revues with the "Folies Bergère" label. Now, in spite of one or two effects, a tilted set, for example—it is a



"A STRONG MELODRAMA—SOMETHING MORE THAN MELODRAMA AT TIMES—OF THE NAZI TERRORS, THE GERMAN RESISTANCE MOVEMENT, AND, ABOVE ALL, THE LUFTWAFFE GENERAL . . . WHO SEES TOO LATE WHERE HIS DUTY SHOULD LIE": "THE DEVIL'S GENERAL" (SAVOY), A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING TREVOR HOWARD IN THE FOREGROUND (RIGHT) AS GENERAL HARRAS, GIVING A PARTY AT A RESTAURANT IN BERLIN IN 1941.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"AIRS ON A SHOESTRING" (Royal Court).—Laurier Lister's revue, continuing to effervesce, has sharp numbers for Max Adrian (a Sherpa strangely allergic to Everest), for Max Adrian and Sally Rogers (American husband and wife with a gift for christening), and for a semi-Shakespearean quintet on the battlements of Elsinore. (Produced, April; numbers, September 21.)
 "THE DEVIL'S GENERAL" (Savoy).—We are in the presence of odd-sounding people: Baron Pflungk, Dr. Schmidt-Laustitz, Putzchen, Mohrunge, Diddo Geiss; but this is Berlin in 1941, and the play—by Carl Zuckmayer—is a strong melodrama (something more than melodrama at times) of the Nazi terrors, the German Resistance Movement, and, above all, the Luftwaffe General, air ace of a former war, who is too late where his duty should lie. It begins slowly but develops a theatrical excitement, and Trevor Howard is rightly cast as the General. (September 23.)
 "PARDON MY FRENCH" (Prince of Wales).—Here is the briskly flapping Frankie Howerd in full comic command of a garish but disarming entertainment on the expected "Folies" pattern. (September 24.)
 "FOUR WINDS" (Phoenix).—Alarums in a lonely cottage on the Yorkshire moors. This kind of thing does not always happen if, late on a summer evening, you drop into a cottage for a cup of tea. Fantastic, no doubt; but it makes a useful theatrical occasion, within the accepted "thriller" conventions, and Frank Lawton, Betty Ann Davies and William Kendall act admirably. (September 29.)

THE OPENING OF THE MICHAELMAS LAW SITTINGS: THE JUDGES' SERVICE.



LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER ATTENDING THE CUSTOMARY JUDGES' SERVICE: A GROUP OF Q.C.'S, INCLUDING MISS HELENA NORMANTON (SECOND FROM RIGHT) FOLLOWED BY MISS ROSE HEILBRON.



ARRIVING FOR THE SERVICE: LORD GODDARD, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND SINCE 1946.



THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN SINCE OCTOBER 1951: THE RT. HON. LORD SIMONDS SEEN ARRIVING AT ST. MARGARET'S.



TWO OF THE JUDGES WHO ATTENDED THE TRADITIONAL SERVICE ON OCTOBER 1: THE HON. MR. JUSTICE DAVIES (LEFT) AND THE HON. MR. JUSTICE COLLINGWOOD.



A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL ARRIVING FOR THE SERVICE: THE RT. HON. LORD JUSTICE MORRIS, DEPUTY LIEUTENANT OF CAERNARVONSHIRE.



ATTENDING THE SERVICE: THE HON. MR. JUSTICE STREATFEILD, A JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT.



ARRIVING FOR THE SERVICE WHICH MARKED THE OPENING OF THE MICHAELMAS LAW SITTINGS: MR. JUSTICE WILLMER, MR. JUSTICE PEARCE AND MR. JUSTICE STABLE.

Before the reopening of the Royal Courts of Justice for the Michaelmas Law Sittings on October 1, the customary Judges' Service was held. Because of the closure of Westminster Abbey, it took place this year in St. Margaret's Church. The Lessons were read by the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord

Chancellor. Afterwards, the judges went in procession to the House of Lords for the Lord Chancellor's breakfast. A service was also held in Westminster Cathedral, at which Cardinal Griffin was present. On this page we show some of the eminent legal personalities who went to St. Margaret's.



TO my mind—and I have discovered that a good many people agree with me—quite the oddest things which have come out of India are the paintings referred to loosely as Calcutta Bazaar Paintings and more specifically as Kalighat paintings—that is, paintings produced in Calcutta for sale to pilgrims at the Temple of Kali, on a canal near the Ganges, ten miles or so from the centre of the city. They wholly lack the delicate, if rather empty, refinement of Mughal art or the beautiful subtleties of the miniatures from the Rajput Hills. They are not court paintings in any sense of the term, but popular art of a very peculiar character, unlike, I am assured, anything else in India produced during the nineteenth century, and, to the unaccustomed eye, violent in colour and strange in subject. Moreover, they are larger in size than was normal for India, are set against a plain background, and are in water-colours, not tempera.

The use of water-colours came in from England towards the end of the eighteenth century, when important personages like Sir Elijah Impey would commission Indian artists to paint the fauna and flora of the country—straightforward documentary

far as to claim that these rather trivial paintings were the true precursors of impressionism and cubism; a wild and woolly extravagance which will not bear examination. The truth is that the things possess their own peculiar flavour and can stand on their own merits, and what they lack in subtlety they make up for in vigour, both of colour and line. They are to be seen in the current exhibition at the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and you will find them fascinating once you are able to relate them to the circumstances which permitted them to exist. You will also note with interest that while they start in about 1830 as Indian versions of an English manner, as time goes on they lose any trace of Anglo-Indian influence; so much so, that unless one knew how they began one would imagine they owed nothing whatever to the West.

As is proper for a place of pilgrimage, a great many of the subjects are gods and goddesses and Hindu legends; but the painters cast their net wide and included secular scenes and numerous studies of animals, fish and plants, and, in the earlier years, scenes in which Europeans are the central or the sole figures. Later, there are no Europeans, and various scenes occur which warn the faithful against insidious Western influences—for example, "Domestic Strife promoted by Western Morals," in which an enraged husband is taking an axe to his Westernised wife; no doubt about the symbolism of this, because at the wife's feet is a European handbag, while the husband carries an umbrella. Other protests against the prevailing evils of the times—and to the orthodox the spread of Western ideas must have been evil—are seen in such pictures as that of a lover being trampled on by his mistress or bowing down before her; the "modern woman"

asserting herself. But protests against social misconduct are generally without much point or, at least, seem terribly laboured to a later generation; how much more so to us in this case with our different background! What I find specially fascinating in the Kalighat pictures—and in this I doubt whether I am expressing the opinion of most Indians, who would, I imagine, be far more interested in the religious and legendary figures—is the way in which animal subjects are treated with broad sweeps of the brush in such a way that the creatures become the fiercest and most lovable of nursery godlings; this cat holding the prawn in its mouth (Fig. 3), for example, is the quintessence of cattery evoked by the most ruthless simplification. It is amusing to remember that this highly dramatic study derives in some degree from the

accurate and purely documentary water-colour work done for the Government; compare this cat with, say, the Natural History drawings which are also on view, on loan from the India Office Library.

You can also, because of this creature, readily accept the fact that when these painters were not



FIG. 2. "WHAT THEY LACK IN SUBTLETY THEY MAKE UP FOR IN VIGOUR, BOTH OF COLOUR AND LINE": "THE HORSE RACE," DATING FROM ABOUT 1830, AT THE TIME OF THE BEGINNINGS OF THIS CHEAP POPULAR ART, REFERRED TO LOOSELY AS CALCUTTA BAZAAR PAINTINGS.

"No doubt whence came the rocking-horse convention of Fig. 2—from the English sporting print. The date can be fixed at about 1830 from the shape of the jockey's cap."

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painting these pictures they were painting images; you could, I suggest, deduce that even if there was not the evidence provided by an official of the Indian Museum, Calcutta, Mr. Mukharji, who wrote in 1888:

Until recently a superior kind of water-colour paintings were executed in Bengal by a class of people called the *Patuas*, whose trade also was to paint idols for worship. These paintings were done with minute care and considerable

taste was evinced in the combination and arrangement of colours. The industry is on the decline owing to cheaper coloured lithographic representations of Gods and Goddesses, turned out by the ex-students of the Calcutta School of Art, having appeared in the market. A painting in the old style can still be had, by order, at a price of Rs. 10 and upwards. The *Patuas* now paint rude daubs which are sold by thousands in stalls near the shrine of Kalighat.... The subjects are usually mythological, but of late they have taken to making pictures representing a few comical features of Indian life.

In short, the market was already disappearing. Many of the drawings were presented by Rudyard Kipling in 1917, and had been collected by his father, J. Lockwood Kipling, who was principal of the Mayo School of Art, Lahore, from 1875-1893. I can hardly expect everyone to share my liking for the cat and other animal studies—that is, for natural history without the human element—and therefore illustrate besides two drawings which show the beginnings of the school. No doubt

whence came the rocking-horse convention of Fig. 2—from the English sporting print. The date can be fixed at about 1830 from the shape of the jockey's cap, and the same date can be given to Fig. 1 from the cutaway coat worn by the Englishman on the elephant. I feel certain that were Kipling alive to go round this exhibition we should soon have another series of Just So Stories.



FIG. 1. INDIAN VERSIONS OF AN ENGLISH MANNER: AN ENGLISHMAN ON AN ELEPHANT SHOOTING A TIGER. THE RIDER'S METHOD OF HANDLING HIS GUN ACCOUNTS PERHAPS FOR THE SURPRISED EXPRESSION ON THE TIGER'S FACE. THE DATE CAN BE FIXED AT ABOUT 1830 FROM THE CUTAWAY COAT WORN BY THE ENGLISHMAN.

studies of birds and beasts and flowers and trees. Then, with the gradual rise of Calcutta as a great commercial centre, cheap paper became available—an essential raw material for paintings which were apparently sold for a pice or an anna—i.e., the equivalents of a farthing and a penny; that, in its turn, meant that the artists had to work quickly, and so you notice a very summary broad treatment. You probably begin by calling it slapdash and by finding it repellent rather than lovable. Then, after a little time, you are surprised to discover that what in your insular way you labelled slapdash is in reality the result of a fast-moving brush applied without the slightest hesitancy, according to a fairly consistent formula which, I admit, is very difficult to define but which harks back surprisingly to the monumental style of the distant past—that is, to the paintings of the Ajanta caves, with their rounded contours. What is even more surprising is that many Kalighat paintings seem to anticipate the work of Fernand Leger, whose massive, rotund, tubular forms were the latest thing in Paris in the 1920's. Indeed, one Indian critic, in a burst of misguided enthusiasm, went so



FIG. 3. "THE QUINTESSENCE OF CATTERY EVOKED BY THE MOST RUTHLESS SIMPLIFICATION": A CAT WITH A PRAWN IN ITS MOUTH. ABOUT 1880.

"What I find specially fascinating in the Kalighat pictures—and in this I doubt whether I am expressing the opinion of most Indians, who would, I imagine, be far more interested in the religious and legendary figures—is the way in which animal subjects are treated with broad sweeps of the brush in such a way that the creatures become the fiercest and most lovable of nursery godlings..."



THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH LORD PROVOST J. M. GRAHAM, LEAVING THE NEWLY RESTORED PROVOST SKENE'S HOUSE.



THE ANTE-ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF PROVOST SKENE'S HOUSE IN ABERDEEN, SHOWING THE MOULDED CEILING AND PANELLED WALLS. THE HOUSE IS NOW RESTORED AS A PERIOD MANSION.

ON September 30, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother interrupted her holiday at Balmoral to pay a visit to Aberdeen. Her first call in the city was to open and to name the new aluminium alloy bridge spanning the southern entrance to the Victoria Dock. She then visited the Northfield Housing Estate and planted a flowering cherry in the grounds of the parish church now nearing completion there, and also visited Northfield Lodge, a newly-opened home for old folks. After a private luncheon in the Town House, the Queen Mother then visited and opened the newly restored Provost Skene's House. This sixteenth-century mansion is an outstanding example of Scottish architecture of its day. When the Queen Mother had visited Aberdeen in 1938, she had, said Lord Provost J. M. Graham, delighted and embarrassed the civic authorities by her interest in this old house, since it was then neglected and derelict. In the last two years, however, the Corporation, at a cost of more than £12,000, have restored and refitted the mansion as a period exhibit and museum.



THE RESTORED PROVOST SKENE'S HOUSE AT ABERDEEN: A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE GARDEN LAID OUT IN A SIMILAR PERIOD STYLE. IT IS CONSIDERED A FINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.



THE QUEEN MOTHER CROSSING OVER THE NEW ST. CLEMENT'S BRIDGE, A BASCULE BRIDGE SHE HAD JUST OPENED AND NAMED AT ABERDEEN.



THE OLD KITCHEN IN PROVOST SKENE'S HOUSE, SHOWING THE STONE FIREPLACE, SPINNING-WHEELS AND OTHER EXHIBITS. THE HOUSE HAS BEEN RESTORED BY THE ABERDEEN CORPORATION.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER IN ABERDEEN ; AND THE RESTORED PROVOST SKENE'S HOUSE.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

"LIGHT" novels, it has occurred to me this week, are in the eye of the beholder. Indeed, on second thoughts, this is a truism. And it invalidates what I was going to say; for "Cry Out of the Depths," by Georges Duhamel (Dent; 12s. 6d.), struck me as eminently a light work, yet I must own the symptoms are all contrary. There is the writer's standing, to begin with; and then the title, eminently grave; and to conclude, the theme it states—a drama of temptation and remorse, the inner history of a lost soul. Which is perhaps the gravest story in the world, and which has here a cosmic undercurrent and a real Tempter. I should have called it a Morality in modern dress. The jacket takes a different view, sinking the Fiend and showing the whole thing as a slice of life. Felix it represents as simply a tycoon on the way up, "a hero whose inglorious career will interest everyone who is aware of the subtle temptations of the world of big business." There I just can't agree. It may be weightier than I suppose, but it is not at all like that.

Nor, I should say, is Felix an ambitious man. He only thinks he is. He is enraged at being a mere employee in the family firm—the firm of Dardaille, Winterberg and Co., whose chief is his half-brother, Didier Dardaille. Felix does nearly all the work, yet he remains a "slave" and an outsider. In consequence, he has the right to resent everyone: first Didier, his elder by ten years, then "the whole Dardaille clan," and, finally, the world at large. And that is really what he wants: not to control the firm, but to feel injured by the human race. Really, he does control the firm; Didier and Winterberg are easy-going, and soon fold up in a dispute. This he regards as the last straw, and yet it never once occurs to him to go elsewhere. Dry, squeamish, supercilious and aloof—a "psychopathic personality" with a good, standing grudge—he is, in fact, well-suited where he is.

Only, of course, he doesn't realise it. His conscious mind craves a decisive interest in the business, and a just revenge. And with the fall of France, everything starts to go his way. The Occupation is his finest hour; while Didier and all the rest were in a patriotic stew, Felix has saved the firm. Then the mysterious Counsellor turns up—breathing, with magic voice, the new philosophy of power. Under his wing, Felix is wafted to the goal without the least hint of collaboration. But it is worse than vain. His need was to be irreproachably aggrieved; and now the balance of injury has been upset, all is confounded.

Felix, his own reporter, has a lively pen. The story is unpalatable in form, and rather thrown together, but full of incidental graces.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Hill of Howth," by L. A. G. Strong (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), is a "light" novel in a way—perhaps the vital way; it has a narrative one can't resist. Also, it is as readable as it can be. These are the virtues of the market-place, and leave a somewhat popular impression. But once again the subject is aspiring and profound, with a religious overtone, and at the end a vision of Reality.

Rolleston has "come to" on the Hill of Howth. He is to all intents new-born: a stranger to himself, his past, and for the moment his surroundings. But "the mist will clear"—that is his first, symbolic thought in the new life. And it begins to lift in scraps. First he identifies the scene; it is on Dublin Bay, and he remembers it from boyhood. Who he was then, and why or how he has returned, is still behind the veil. Next comes the memory of other people. They exist, of course; but he feels shy of them, and so his first encounter is by chance. It is a lucky chance; for this new friend, Cormac O'Sullivan, the actor, eagerly takes up his case, brings back his last day on the other side, and offers psychological deductions on dramatic grounds. Meanwhile, the patient has made contact with his newer self. He is now Larry Mitchell, living as Nora Madden's pick-up, in a Dublin lodging-house. They are a queer and fey, and (except Moo the cripple) a delightful crowd; everyone seems to like him; and in return he feels a duty to them all, but more especially to Rosie, the delinquent child. In the old days he would have shirked. Shirking responsibility was his disease, this is the cure; and, in a final vision on the hill, he sees into the nature of identity, and how the All is One.

But, as this cannot be conveyed, it can't come off. Nor does O'Sullivan come off. Whereas the opening scene, the visual background, and in a different way the lodging-house, are warmly, luminously good.

"The Lesser Infornite," by Rayner Heppenstall (Cape; 12s. 6d.), will not strike anyone as a light work, for it is rather toilsome to get through. The hero is a psychopath at war, chiefly with his superiors, and never beyond what is safe. When he insults an officer or bolts from an unwelcome job, he is not really letting go, only manoeuvring to get his ticket. Though perhaps "only" is unfair. Alick was nearly pacifist, not quite. He joined in conscientious mood, and chose the ranks on purpose to "immerse himself in *la condition humaine*." Though, to be sure, his ego would be quenched in that degrading garb. . . . Only, of course, it wasn't; and *la condition humaine* proved to be what it couldn't take. So he judiciously let go, landed a course of treatment at Wroth Hall, and did eventually get out. This record has all the symptoms of biography—rather a dull biography. It is intelligent and frank—and shows that frankness and intelligence are not enough.

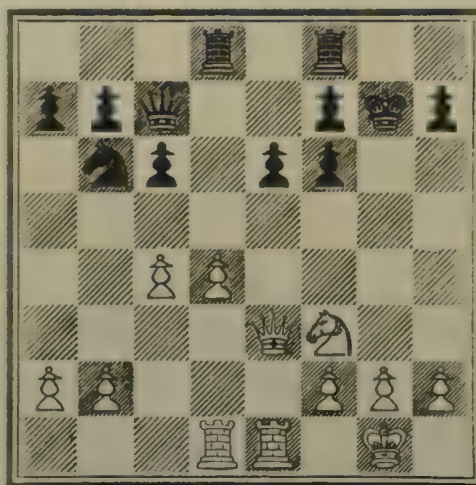
"The Black Iris," by Cony Little (Collins; 9s. 6d.), features a hick town with a stratum of "old bats," of whom the battiest are Richard's maiden aunts. These two, joint-owners of a fortune and an elegant, enormous house, reside more snugly in a cottage over their father's grave, a marble mausoleum in the cellar. Each has her favoured heir; Miss Ivy wants to leave everything to Richard, Miss Violet is for Ada Ferry. And one night, through a lighted window, Richard spies them facing one another with revolvers. Apparently they do it once a month; it is a kind of Russian roulette. To put a stop to it, Ada and he pretend to be engaged. Indeed, they inadvertently get married: which gives them a front seat in the ancestral home, but makes no difference to the bats. And we are soon launched on a witch's spree, terse, lively, sinister, and neatly turned.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FOR some weeks now the gaze of the chess world has been riveted on the "Candidates" tournament at Zürich, where fifteen ambitious players, each of which has bought his place in the tournament dearly, are vying for the right, by finishing first, of challenging Botvinnik in a match for the World Championship next year. From this tournament we take a position and a game.

STAHLBERG (Sweden), Black.



SMYSLOV (U.S.S.R.), White.

White's next move (try to find it before you look below) made quite a bang.

The next game is of such complexity that to do justice to it in explanation would fill this column for weeks. From the moment he decides on g. P-Q6, Euwe is committed to a life of sacrifice and toil. For sustained brilliance, we have seen few games to equal it.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
EUWE	NAJDORF	EUWE	NAJDORF
(Holland)	(Argentine)	(Holland)	(Argentine)
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	20. Kt x P	B-B6ch
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	21. K-B1	Q x BP
3. P-KKt3	B-Kt2	22. Kt-B4	K-R1
4. B-Kt2	Castles	23. Kt x B	QR-K1
5. Kt-QB3	P-B4	24. Kt(B3)-K2	R-KKt1
6. P-Q5	P-K4	25. P-R5	R-Kt4
7. B-Kt5	P-KR3	26. Kt-Kt3	R x Kt
8. B x Kt	Q x B	27. P x R	R x P
9. P-Q6!	Kt-B3	28. K-B2	R-K1
10. P-K3	P-Kt3	29. R-K1	R x R
11. B-Q5	K-R1	30. Q x R	K-Kt2
12. Kt-K4	Q-Q1	31. Q-K8	Q-B7ch
13. P-KR4	P-B4	32. K-Kt1	Q-Q8ch
14. Kt-Kt5!	B-Kt2	33. K-R2	Q-B7ch
15. P-KKt4	P-K5	34. Kt-Kt2	Q-B4
16. Kt-K2!	B x P	35. Q-KKt8ch	K-B3
17. Kt(K2)-B4!	Q-B3	36. Q-KR8ch	K-Kt4
18. P x P	B x R	37. Q-Kt7ch	Resigns
19. Kt x KtPch	K-Kt2		

(The diagram) 20. Kt-K5!, for if 20. . . . P x Kt then 21. Q-Kt5ch, K-R1; 22. Q-B6ch, K-Kt1; 23. R x P—threatening mate—23. . . . KR-K1; 24. R-Kt5ch, K-B1; 25. R-Q3, leaving Black helpless. The game actually proceeded 20. . . . Q-K2; 21. Kt-Kt4, R-KKt1; 22. Kt-R6, threatening both 23. Kt x R and 23. Kt-B5ch winning the queen.

America would have fallen into Anglo-Saxon hands. That, at any rate, is the view of one of the greatest living Spanish historians. His fellow Whigs owed much to "Old Grog," whom they so shamefully mistreated, but then one cannot help agreeing with the Admiral's biographer that he brought his troubles on his own angry head.

It is pleasant to turn from the horrors of to-day and the angry passions of yesterday to an engaging book such as "The Popular Cocker Spaniel," by Veronica Lucas-Lucas (Popular Dogs Publishing Co., Ltd.; 12s. 6d.). Mrs. Lucas-Lucas has been breeding cockers for the last twenty years, and the account which she gives of this charming breed is one which will appeal to the expert and the ordinary dog-owner alike. I have only one quarrel with Mrs. Lucas-Lucas, and that is the fact that she relegates the cocker as a gun-dog to a comparatively unimportant place in the book. The spaniel is, or should be, a sporting dog before all else, and many of the ills which to-day afflict the breed are to my mind the result of attempting to create pretty dogs for the show-ring and as pets, instead of sturdy dogs for the covert and the hedge-row.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"HORROR, HORROR, HORROR."

MR. PHILIP DEANE, the *Observer* correspondent who was captured in the early days of the Korean War while up with a forward combat unit, has, I see, been attacked by the squeamish as well as the Communistic, for telling his story in "Captive in Korea" (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.). I can understand the objections of the latter. I find the former incomprehensible. The death marches in which Mr. Deane, in common with diplomats, missionaries, nuns and G.I.s took part, and of which he was fortunate to be one of the minority which survived, are not merely a picture of what millions and tens of millions behind the Iron Curtain have suffered and are suffering, but also a warning of what we may expect if we should happen to lose a hot war. Mr. Deane tells his story—a story of starvation, dysentery and lice-ridden horror—without unnecessary adjectives. It needs none.

"Once a guard dropped a cigarette butt. Two of the dying youngsters, moving with a horrifying slowness, got down to the ground, and crawled like insects towards the smoking butt. They reached their objective together. Slowly, they raised their arms and slowly they hit each other. You could hear bone hit bone, and you could see the brittle skin part, uncovering the bone. They gasped and moaned as they fought. When one of them fell to the ground, the other one moved to pick the spoils. The cigarette-butt was burnt out." In the end, as the world knows, the little select group of diplomats and civilians of which Mr. Deane was one were repatriated across Russia with every mark of propagandist respect. In the interval they had suffered terribly. But if their emaciated bodies were tortured by disease and starvation, the spirit of this little group of Europeans remained a tribute to our civilisation.

Not the least fascinating aspect of Mr. Deane's book is his dispassionate analysis of the Communist mind and of the impact of Marxism on the oriental. This is something which the cold war strategist will be wise to study with attention. In the same way, I feel sure that our potential enemies will have read "Friend or Foe?" by Lieut.-Colonel Oreste Pinto (Laurie; 12s. 6d.), not so much for the details of Colonel Pinto's counter-espionage activities in World War II.—I feel sure that he can tell the Russians nothing that they have not learnt for themselves by now—but for the insight into the psychology of Western security agents which it reveals. Colonel Pinto, who was once described by General Eisenhower as "the greatest living expert on security," was in charge during the war of the Dutch counter-espionage department, first of all in this country and later in France. He has already told part of his story in an earlier volume, "Spy Catcher." This one, as its name implies, deals largely with the most difficult of all security problems, that of the double agent. It was natural that the Germans should endeavour to get their agents into England in the guise of "patriots" escaping from the European countries which they had overrun. It was the task of the Allied counter-espionage authorities to detect these highly-trained and well-briefed spies. Colonel Pinto gives a number of authentic cases in which such agents were unmasked—and also examples of double-agents whom he was convinced were spies, but who proved in the end to be the good patriots they professed to be. The most astonishing case, to my mind, in the whole of this interesting book is that of the "kind-hearted Gestapo man." Colonel Pinto could, indeed, not be blamed for not believing one of his own countrymen who said that he had been detected by the Gestapo in arranging an escape route, but that the Gestapo officer who cross-examined him let him go and gave him a start on his way to liberty! The story sounded so thin that the man with difficulty escaped the firing squad. Later evidence, however, confirmed it up to the hilt. A fascinating book, but I am still not sure whether I, if I were in charge of Allied security, would be pleased that it has been published.

The subtleties and ingenuities of modern counter-espionage work would have made no appeal whatsoever to Admiral Vernon, once the hero of a thousand inn-signs and the central figure of "The Angry Admiral," by Cyril Hughes Hartmann (Heinemann; 18s.). For Admiral Vernon, one of the greatest of our eighteenth-century sea-dogs, threw away his career by his irascibility and by his predilection for speaking his mind in no uncertain terms, and on any subject which interested him. The exasperating thing—to my Lords of the Admiralty and to the members of the Government—was that the violent little man was almost always right, an unforgivable sin then, as now, in public life. His career provides two of the most fascinating "ifs" of history. What would have happened if a competent general had been in charge of the land forces in the disastrous attack at Cartagena, and what would have happened if during the '45 Rebellion Vernon had not been recalled from his retirement and by his skill prevented French troops and supplies coming to the aid of Bonnie Prince Charlie? Vernon's capture of Portobello had made him the nation's hero. It is by no means fanciful to suppose that had his advice been taken and Cartagena had fallen, the whole of Latin-

America would have fallen into Anglo-Saxon hands. That, at any rate, is the view of one of the greatest living Spanish historians. His fellow Whigs owed much to "Old Grog," whom they so shamefully mistreated, but then one cannot help agreeing with the Admiral's biographer that he brought his troubles on his own angry head.



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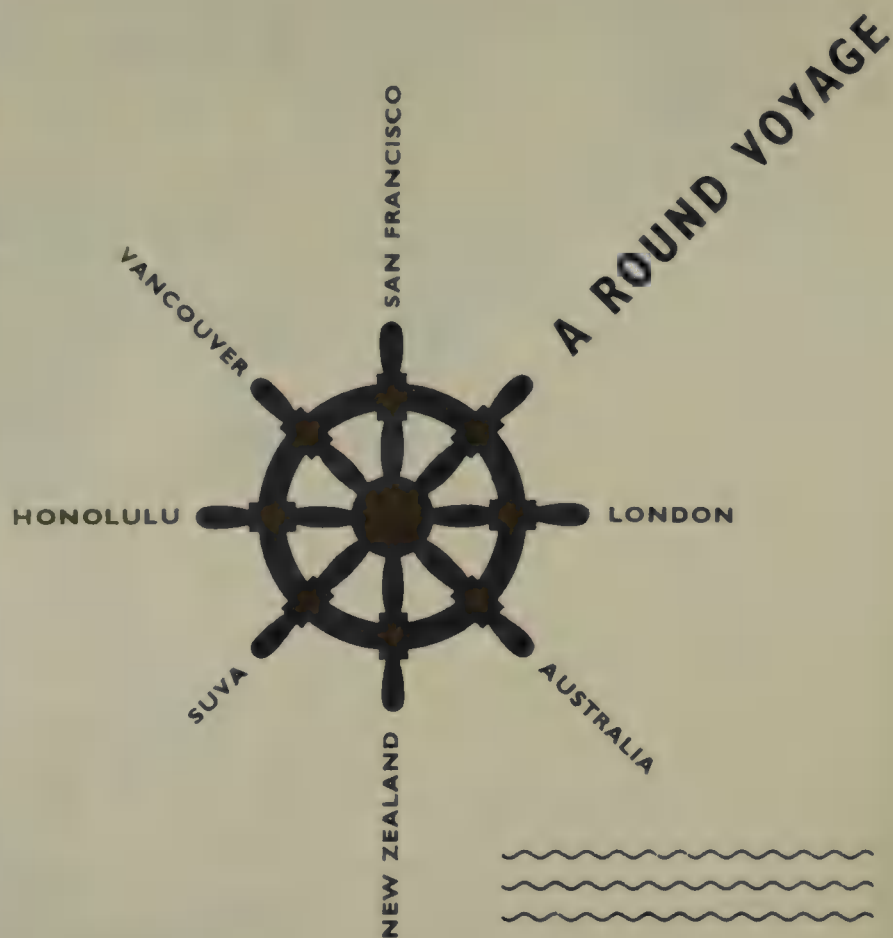


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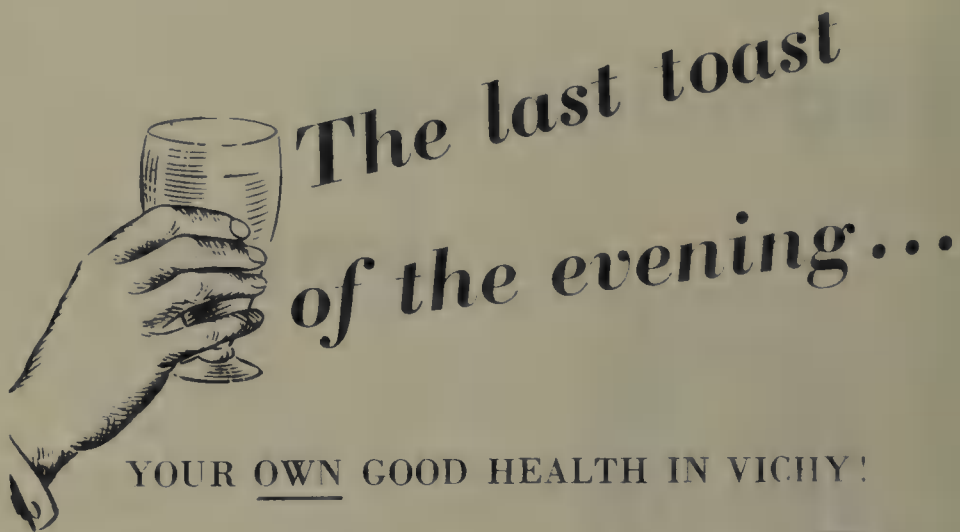
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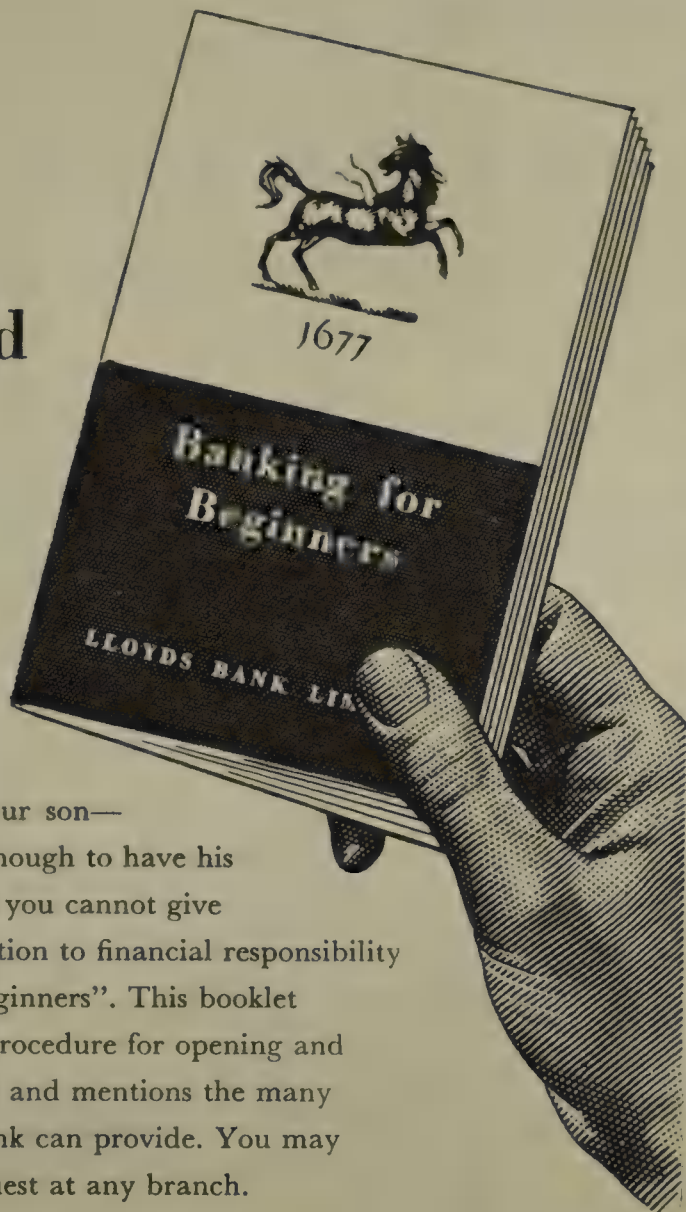
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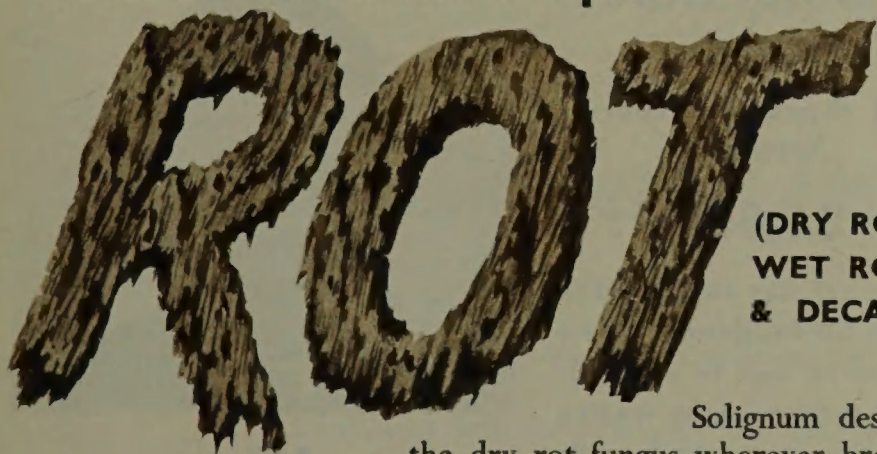


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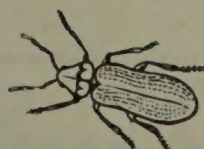
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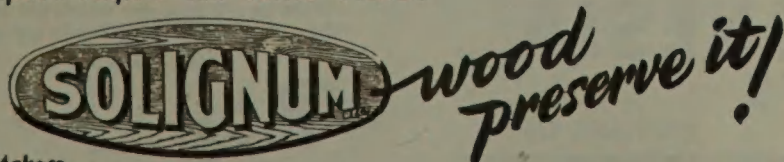
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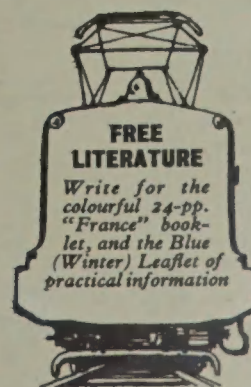
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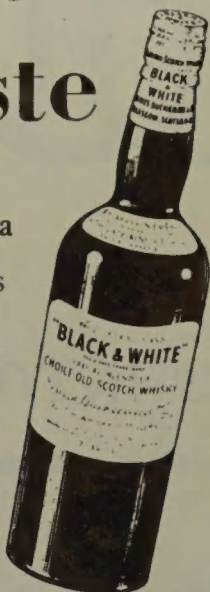
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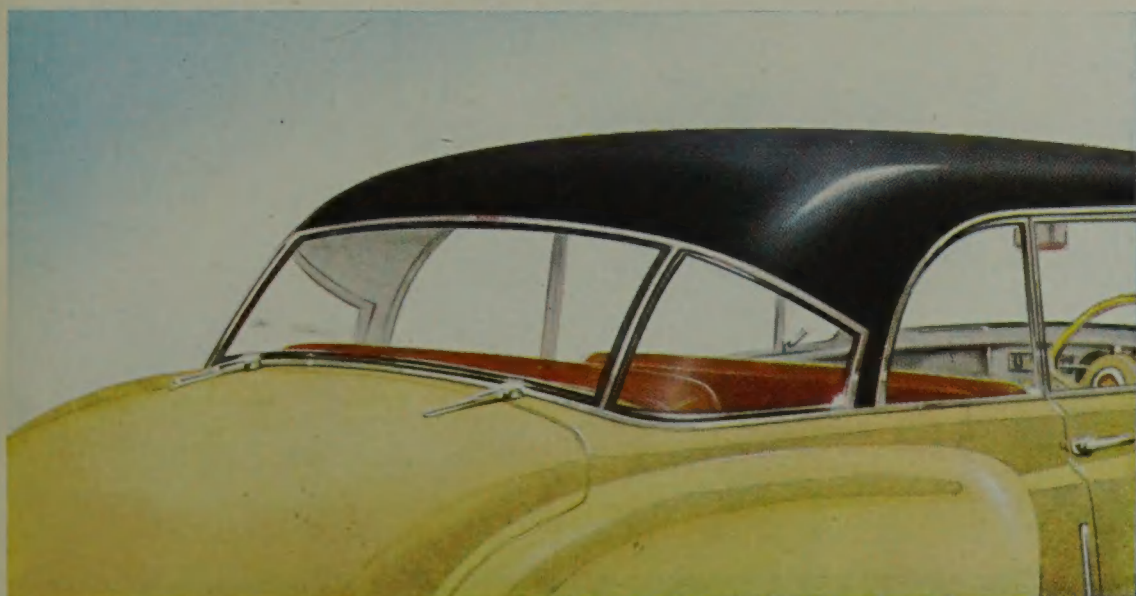
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